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POEMS

BY

DUGALD FERGUSON

8236929



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2



Yours sincerely,
Dugald Ferguson

CASTLE GAY,

AND OTHER POEMS.

BY

DUGALD FERGUSON.

“Ev’n then a wish (I mind its power)
A wish that to my latest hour
Will strongly heave my breast,
That I for poor old Scotland’s sake
Some usefu’ plan or beuk might make,
Or sing a sang at least.”

—*Burns.*

“I’m no’ a poet in a sense,
But just a rhymers, by a chance,
And make to learning no pretence ;
But, what the matter
Whene’er my muse does on me glance
I jingle at her.”

—*Ibid.*

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DEDICATION,

"Surely did those in exalted stations know how happy they could make some classes of their inferiors by condescension and affability, they would not stand so high, measuring out with every look the height of their elevation, but condescend as sweetly as did Mrs. Stewart of Stair."—ROBERT BURNS.

TO

MRS. DAVID McKELLAR,

As a public mark of esteem for qualities of heart and
demeanour akin to those that evoked such a
noble eulogium from the Ayrshire
Bard on the worth of Mrs.
Stewart of Stair.

THIS VOLUME IS MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

BY THE

AUTHOR.

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PREFACE.

This is now my second essay before the public in a published form. A former edition of my poems (the bulk of whose contents, carefully revised, are herein incorporated) appeared about eight years ago. Hence the stereotyped plea of all poetic tyros regarding the unambitious origin of their effusions, the urgent entreaties of friends, &c., as a means of conciliating the voice of criticism, is thus denied to me. But, however reasonable grounds for consideration such a plea on the former occasion might have afforded me, in thus deliberately challenging public criticism for my compositions a second time I am evidently committed—however incompetent I may be found for such an ordeal—to the unsparing critic, in presuming to court such attention at all. Not, however, to disarm, but at least to temper criticism, this apology may be offered: the author is content to occupy the position of simply a minor poet.

Judged from this point, he is not without hope that at least some of these productions may not be wholly lacking in poetic merit. In view then of whatever meritorious gleams some of these poems may possibly discover, as evidences of power that a more assiduous cultivation might have rendered more generally characteristic of them all, the author would endeavour to illustrate his position with reference to these by the light of the following simile. He resembles one who, while following his sheep in the lonely interior of Australia, suddenly discovered and picked up a precious stone, of the value of which he was so little conscious, that not only was he unconcerned about polishing it up, with the view of wearing it as a notable ornament to his person, but he never even took the trouble to learn what might be the proper mode of polishing it, simply contenting himself, instead, with keeping it loosely in his pocket, or occasionally bringing it out to rub it between his hands for the mere gratification of his own private view of it.

Such, indeed, with reference to his poetic tastes, has been the manner of the author of this volume. In the tedium of a shepherd's solitary life on the plains of the Darling, N.S.W., he became suddenly conscious of the presence of a familiar, hitherto unobserved, by whose aid vistas of enjoyment were

thence opened up to his view, that a sympathetic temperament found only too much pleasure in contemplating in preference to concentrating its attentions on object-lessons of more practical utility. Yet, like the shepherd with the gem, who ran the hazard of losing it any day out of his pocket, instead of studying by careful attention to attach the Muse (the familiar in question) still more to him, and strengthen its powers by persistently graduating flights, the author left her very much to the chances of freak and fancy; nay, at one time resolved on discarding her altogether. A life simply expressed by the word failure, a wholly nomadic state of existence, with temperament diffident by nature and confirmed in that habit from a cause whose specification would be out of place here; yet a fretful sensitive spirit, keenly chafing against the uncongenial conditions of life imposed upon it—all these have naturally occasioned that such graver attentions as in the course of my desultory exercises I have endeavoured to accord to the more important whisperings of the Muse, have at all times been at most, but hurried and distracted.

With these circumstances in view, I may be justified in assuming that were I to select a name that would express the general character of these effusions, I would be hardly out of place in writing on the title page of this volume, POEMS OF THE HEART. It has only been when strongly moved by feeling, or when my fancy became as strongly enamored of some incident brought under its attention in the course of my reading—as in my realization of the character of Gustavus Adolphus, and the description of the battle in which he lost his life—that I ever submitted my mind, amid the various hindrances glanced at, to the task of deliberate composition. For this cause principally, but due also in a measure to their author's habit of mind, it will be found that these poems partake so much of a purely objective character. Poems of a subjective or more metaphysical cast will be sought for in vain in this collection.

It is consciousness of the absence of so much of instructive reflection—or, shall I term it the purely elemental spirit of poetry—that bulks so largely in the compositions of poets of note, that chiefly oppresses me with a sense of presumption in expecting for my own the character of poetry at all. Yet I confess, amid this fear, to feeling strangely comforted with the thought that the same purely objective character seems to me to be the chief feature of the poetry of Robert Burns, and more so of Sir Walter Scott.

A Scotchman, and a Highlander at that, the love of country that is acknowledged as forming so pleasing a trait of character in poets of the Home lands will, I fear, be more apt to be regarded as symptoms of weakness in the Colonies. Here, where a more cosmopolitan spirit is looked for amid the social

blendings of so many varied nationalities, the undue prominence given in these poems to the glorification of his own native country may be resented by many as but an instance of mental narrowness in their author.

But if it is admitted that the author of this volume is a strong national Scot, it will surely be likewise conceded, from the general spirit of his poems, that he is none the less a liberal Briton. For this cause I would crave indulgence for an irrepressible spirit of boasting of the glorious associations inseparable from the history of the "Land of the mountain and the flood," from those who, influenced by a similar "touchiness," would be more naturally prone to resent it, on the same terms as I have known some who, fast friends in manhood, good-humouredly laughed over the remembrance of their contentions in boyhood.

And now it but remains for me to thank my long list of subscribers, whose generous aid has enabled me so successfully to tide over the risks and perils of publication, and whose liberality to me in this matter I have such pleasure in acknowledging by the publication of their names on the spare leaves of this edition. To many of these, until their favours were solicited for this work, I was a stranger by face; and, with the hope that as far as general interest is concerned, none may have serious cause to regret their patronage of these poems, I now commit the whole to the final judgment of the Public.

D. F.



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Miss McLennan	do.	Jas. Duthie	do.
John Henderson	do.	John Mackay (6)	do.
J. Gibb	do.	Jas. Mollison, jun.	do.
John Corrigan	do.	T. Douglas	do.
D. Pollok	do.	J. McKenzie	do.
David Russell (2)	do.	Wm. Hall	do.
D. McIntosh (4)	do.	James Brown	do.
A. McIntosh (2)	do.	Rev. R. Waddell (2)	do.
Wm. Robertson	do.	D. Drummond	do.
Alex. Allison	do.	Geo. Miller (3)	do.
Thos. Farley	do.	Wm. Mathieson	do.
Mrs. Speight	do.	Mrs. Black	do.
Wm. Wood	do.	John Aikenhead	do.
Dugald Graham	do.	J. Ferguson	do.
John McDonald	do.	Jas. Murray, sen.	do.
Donald Reid (2)	do.	Jas. Murray, jun.	do.
John Moodie	do.	John Gunn	do.
James Smith	do.	Geo. P. Brown	do.
W. B. Harlow	do.	Wm. Sutherland	do.
H. Lamont	do.	Alex. Mollison, J.P.	do.
A. C. Beaumont	do.	Miss Parker	do.
Henry McKay	do.	Dr. Ferguson	do.
Alex. Abernethy	do.	E. G. Allen	do.
John Collins	do.	Capt. Macintosh (6)	do.
Mrs. McMillan	do.	R. Thomson	do.
Dr. Stuart	do.	Donald M'Donald	do.

ERRATA.

Page 14.—For “overborne,” read “o’erborne.”

Page 39.—For “overhead,” read “o’erhead.”

Page 55.—For “indicates,” read “indicate.”

Pages 44 and 75.—For “Highlander’s” and “Strain’s,” read “Highlanders” and “Strains.”

Page 169.—For “flocks,” read “flock.”

Page 173.—In the headline, for “Men of the World,” read “Lambs.”

Page 44, Note.—Fontenoy, the battle in which the Black Watch, or 42nd Highlanders, first distinguished themselves as British soldiers, by first cutting in pieces a regiment—the flower of the French Army—and then covering the retreat of the British, when a French defeat was converted into a glorious victory for them, by the wild charge of the Irish Brigade.

VICTORIA THE GOOD.

Our gentle Queen Victoria, she reigns without a peer,
While the bright sun of peace arrays with splendour
her career.

No bristling ramparts guard her throne, strong in her
surf-girt shore,

Her bulwarks are her people's love, in ev'ry loyal
core.

Though thrones are levelled to the dust by revolution
storms,

And kingdoms woke from dreams of peace amid the
crash of arms.

Yet still the British banner floats unpeered upon the
flood,

And guards, secure from outward foes, Victoria, the
good.

No Stuart now among the clans need sound the notes
of war,

And ring the gathering pibrochs from Lochaber to
Braemar.

Within her loyal Highland hearts Victoria reigns se-
cure,

Whose love hath long effaced the stains that dyed
Culloden Moor.

Now from the troubled scene hath fled the shadows
of the past,

And Gael and Saxon in one bond of love are wedded
fast :

Who heretofore, with Erin's sons, have all the world
withstood,

Still form a triple wall around Victoria, the good.

And her proud name is fondly prized where 'neath the
southern skies,

In rising might and influence, her infant empires rise.

And 'mong them all Otago, with her mountains
tow'ring wild,

Appears—the Scotland of the south—like parent so
like child.

From where amid the wilderness yon Christian hero*
died,

A martyr to the cause of truth, his grateful country's
pride ;

To where yon savage despot† learnt to curb his bloody
mood,

Is spread abroad the glory of Victoria, the good.

Should war's wild desolation convulse the world
again,

And mark with ruined wastes the shore, and dye with
blood the main ;

* Dr. Livingston.

† King Coffee.

And tyrants, insolent of pow'r, whom ruth could never pause,
Stretch forth their cruel arms to vex a weaker people's cause.

The lion of Brittania then terribly will roar,
Her ironclads in grim array will sweep from shore to shore,
While iron hearts will lead them on to quell the rising feud,
And teach the nations round to fear Victoria the Good.

Her name, endeared to ev'ry heart, is spread throughout the world,
Where Britain's banner proudly waves for liberty unfurled,
From Zealand's hoary mountains to India's burning plains,
Until the sun can never set upon her vast domains.
While tribes and tongues of ev'ry clime, who own her gentle sway,
And felt the blessings of her reign, their grateful tributes pay
The tears of many a lighted heart, her soldiers' willing blood,
Will long embalm the mem'ry of Victoria the Good.

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS; OR THE BATTLE OF LUTZEN.

As clouds spread o'er the sky's cerulean form
Too surely herald the approaching storm—
When moaning winds, and broken clouds and haze,
For this had threatened bodingly for days;
And meteors seen to vividly illumine
The previous night's profound Plutonian gloom,
Till 'mongst the elements the storm that looms
Portends some dire convulsion when it comes—
So loomed o'er Germany's distracted state
The gath'ring feuds inspired by credal hate,
Whose flame from little kindling spread when raised,
Till Europe in a conflagration blazed !
When great Gustavus left his northern home
To curb the pow'r of autocratic Rome,
Whose bigot priests and priest-rid rulers joined,
With legal sophistry and force combined,
To quench in lands, where shone its beams undimmed,
The lamp that Luther lit and Calvin trimmed ;
While the stern Tilly, to enforce their ban,
With conq'ring arms the aliens' lands o'erran,
Whose fervid zeal, o'ermastering pity's claims,
Gave Magdeburg's proud city to the flames.

Where Pomerania spreads her level meads
Meanwhile Gustavus, with his hardy Swedes
Perforce inactive, chafed for tardy aid ;
But when arrived at length, not long delayed

His movements then, whose spirit, eagle-like,
But merely hovered to more surely strike—
And soon at Bretenfeld was felt his shock,
That made an empire to its centre rock,
Where Tilly, terrible in former fight
Awaited in grim consciousness of might.

Then gazed the world, when host encount'ring host
Showed moral order scatt'ring routine's boast,
And conscious discipline put to the worse
The blind obedience of unthinking force. *
By odds o'ermatched, Gustavus, undismayed
When snapped the reed on which he leant for aid, †
Still in calm view of the approaching storm.
In order fresh remoulds his battle form ;
So mariners, when bursts the bellying sail,
Adjust the rest to suit the freshning gale.

Like a deft pugilist, whose rapid blow
Eludes the guard of a more pond'rous foe,
Whose size but more exposed to each assault
That homeward tells with staggering result—
So actively Gustavus' squadron's wheeled,
So helpless back the host of Tilly reeled,
Through whose dense columns, in wide gaps of gore,
great shot and small their horrid passage tore ;
When Tilly, for the first time forced to yield,
Reluctantly retreated from the field,—
Six thousand of his bravest 'mongst the slain,

*Bretenfeld was the victory of disciplined intelligence over the stiff routine of the Spanish tactics.—GARDINER.

†His Saxon allies fled at Tilly's first onset.

Whose mangled corpses strewed that bloody plain.

Again encountering on Leech's banks,
Destruction winged enflamed Tilly's ranks,
That swept their opposition from the path.
Their stern commander, wounded to the death,
When his career at Ingolstadt closed soon—
The brave, and zealous, but blood-stained Walloon ! *
The enemy crushed, before Gustavus' way
All Germany now stretched an easy prey.
Then turned its Emperor to Wallenstein,
As only fit to curb the conqueror's rein.
But Wallenstein, omnipotent of yore,
Devoted legionaries hailed no more,
And in retirement brooded o'er the wrongs
Brooked from a faithless prince and envious tongues.
—Him now the humbled monarch stoops to court,
The man he erst deserted for support,—
And to the warrior's haughty terms agreed,
So he would help him in his present need.
When Wallenstein once more the flag unrolled
That Victory so oft had kissed of old.

Then soon again from the late scattered war
The broken clouds came hurrying from afar,
While flashing fitfully with signs of fear
The dark'ning storm approached more near and near—
Until at Lutzen the full tempest broke,
That all her towers with its thunders shook :
There the deep schemer in the game of war,

* "The Bloody Walloon."—G. P. R. James.

For once betrayed by Fortune's fickle star,
By his unwinking rival brought to bay,
Was his last desp'rate stake compelled to play.

Behind his trenches, massed in grim array,
The wily Wallenstein inactive lay ;
Astute and vigilant, not his the wont
To court the battle with the lion's front,
But on the foe at his chance issuing,
To dash upon him with the tiger's spring.

A batt'ry charged with terrible ordnance
Was reared in front to check the foe's advance ;
A mill entrenched, for the same end designed,
Secured the key where his left wing reclined.
These have I noted as flood-marks to guide
Where flowed and ebbed the battle's crimson tide.

The chill November morning, big with doom,
Broke on the armies with presaging gloom ;
But in Gustavus' host, throughout their lines,
In view of the near struggle's bloody signs,
But little tended the chill boding day
To damp the confidence of their array ;
Nor there beat hearts less competent to dare,
Whose lips were moved in reverential pray'r,
Or men less brave who pleaded for the fight
The God of Battles to defend the right !
From brazen trump the solemn anthem pealed,
And worship solemnized that bannered field.

The clearing sun smiled on that gallant host,
As for the charge the various lines took post :
Composed they stood there, fraught with purpose large—
Till the loud “ Forwards !” in the dreadful charge
At once impelled the whole, their “ lion king ”
Among the horsemen riding in the wing.

And then, as on the living torrents poured,
The opening salvos of the batt’ry roared,
That death emitting from each cannon’s throat
Full in the teeth the advancing columns smote—
Theirs the first blood to dye that fatal plain :
But, as when some convulsion heaves the main,
A tidal billow, curling, tow’ring high—
From whose approach th’ affrighted wharfmén fly
High o’er the works designed the waves to break—
Sweeps foaming grand without an instant’s check,
And thund’ring on in one wild ruin down
Hurls the street buildings of the lower town ;
So swept the Swedes, as from the fire opposed
Their shot-torn ranks each time they sternly closed,
Unwav’ring on (while gunners fled alarmed),
O’er the destructive battery they swarmed,
And dashing on, past trench and earthen dyke,
Upon the foe behind with levelled pike
Their onset urged with their fierce battle shout,
Short and terrific, broke and put to rout.
O’er all the van the wall of men and steeds,
At once were ’whelmed by the impetuous Swedes,
Whose wave of vict’ry still flowed on until
It dashed against the basements of the mill.

But Wallenstein himself, in high command,
Presided there, and from his waving hand
The tide rolled back as from the prophet's wand.
The battle there restored ; Friedland then turned
And with armed heel his snorting charger spurned,
As he careered, like "genius of the storm."
At his approach the broken troops re-form,
And as they halted in their panic flight
Resumed their arms and faced again the fight
(While succours from the rear in ready bands
Came hurrying up and strengthening their hands);
And, rigid as a reef of solid rock,
Received and broke their assailants' bill'wy shock ;
While from their instant furious assault
The late flushed Swedes—confounded and at fault,
Their order broke, and impotent to strike—
Were driven backward at the point of pike :
Enraged and baffled, scarcely fit to gasp,
At victory thus wrested from their grasp,
And, yielding the dread battery again,
Recoiled disorderly across the plain.
Its fury spent, so the receding surf
Again leaves bare the lately submerged wharf ;
While waste and ruin woful on its train
Attend its far recoil unto the main.

When news of this disaster reached the King,
Then with the cavalry far on the wing,
At once his centre to restore again
Gustavus gave his fiery steed the rein,
That stretching forward in its swift career

Soon left his foll'wers straggling far in rear.
Of peril oblivious from his neighbouring foes,
The straightest route betwixt both hosts he chose ;
So fatalists in Eastern proverbs say—
When filled its destined hour the hunter's prey
Runs to his feet. Again the storm-cloud low' red
That screened the foe who o'er the plain then scoured
As grim and silent as a troop of death—
When, traversing all suddenly their path,
A single horseman speeding past is seen,
Of fearless bearing and right kingly mien.
But little deemed they in that sudden spoil
The lion's self had come within their toil,
Nor, till his blood was ebbing on the field,
What hostage for the fight their stars did yield.
The manes of war ne'er gained so rich a prize, *
Nor freedom claimed a costlier sacrifice,
Than when—so soon on that ensanguined plain
The great Gustavus closed his glorious reign !

The king's white horse descried upon the plain
Careering riderless, with bloody rein,
Awoke among the Swedes in dread survey
The wildest pangs of horror and dismay.
The Imperial squadrons, like a thunder-cloud,
Converging rapidly, and volleying loud ;
And, lost the guidance of their wonted head—
Of yore in peril their surety when he led—
Their hitherto undaunted bearing failed,

* Life ne'er exulted in so rich a prize.—BURNS.

And wild confusion 'mong their ranks prevailed.

But from the hand then cold upon the plain
A hero now assumed the battle rein :
Well worthy he the post— Bernhard his name,
Of Germany's most princely line he came,
A race heroic in the scroll of fame,
Whose high career to vie he inly burned ;
And now in scorn their craven counsels spurned
Who named retreat, and lifeless on the sward
Stretched the poltroon who scrupled at his word.

Then rolled the drum, and loud the clarion trumped,
That the trained squadrons' instincts wakened prompt—
Quick as the queen-bee's notes direct her swarm,
The mixed array again take shape and form :
And fierce and deep each heart with vengeance burned
As for the charge again the squadrons turned—
While nerved their hearts the purpose to regain
Their monarch's form, or perish on the plain.
And then again their levelled weapons glanced
As at the charge they terribly advanced ;
And then the ground with the concussion shook
As the dread batt'ry's thunders once more woke ;
While panting gunners plied their utmost pow'rs
To sweep th' approaching foe with iron show'rs
To stay their progress—but in vain : the wave
Again sweeps on with the undaunted brave.
And as the tidal billow from the deep
Returns again in its unbroken sweep,
And o'er the wharf with its wild seething roar

Pursues its course as freely as before—
So swept the Swedes, avengers of their king,
In an unfaltering line from wing to wing !
And, dashing onward to each thundering gun,
Again the deadly battery is won ;
Then on the foe once more with fury closed,
Who pike to pike as stubbornly opposed.

Stupendous then the scene upon that field,
Where this ne'er gained, nor that could force to yield ;
But all along the line of either van
With equal purpose man confronted man.
The adverse tides surged hoarsely o'er the plain,
Till catacombs scarce sufficed for the slain ;
The wail of slaughter rose above each host,
But in the rage of strife death's shrieks were lost,
While the fierce combatants with frantic toil
Strove each to make their rival's ranks recoil,
And with their pikes their bodies ghastly gashed,
Or face and arms with their clubbed muskets smashed—
Or closing, maddened as their weapons baulked,
Rolled on the ground in deadly clutches locked ;
Where man there man like throttling mastiffs tore,
Till stretched in death mid pools of curdled gore ;
While wild the din prevailed, 'mid thickening smoke
Of roaring guns and sabres' ringing stroke,
The trumpet's peal, and maddened charger's neigh,
And captains shouting* in the fierce melee !

The sun o'er the meridian journeyed on,
When toiling swains unyoked from tasks half done ;

* Job xxxix., 25.

And Nature's fount by sore exhaustion dried,
With meat and drink then seas'nably supplied ;
When further toils thus heartened to pursue,
Their labours they resumed with ardour new.
But here, alas ! in the sad work of death
The toilers found no leisure to take breath,
And hunger's pangs in mad rage heedeth not,
And Nature's thirst in thirst of blood forgot ;
But deadly fury lent unnatural tide
For the new strength that meat and drink supplied.

From side to side, the reeking battle swayed,
As though each host some blind impulse obeyed,
And in their actions, influenced from above,
The spirits of their great commanders strove ;
For though Gustavus then no longer lived,
Yet in his men his spirit's force survived :
'Twas this, as oft before in bitter need,
Inspired them still to toil and bravely bleed,
While thoughts of vengeance, flaming in their hearts,
Inspired them doubly to perform their parts—
Until the foe, despite their gallant deeds,
Again recoiled from the victorious Swedes ;
And, slowly driven from each vantage post,
Confusion gained on the Imperial host.

'Twas at that moment fiery Pappenheim
Into the field with timely succours came,
Who with his horsemen chosen from his force
That morn, had early posted on his course,
Though many a weary hour must intervene

Ere yet his foot could reach the battle scene.

As starts the war-steed at the tramp—for fame
So blazed the soul of daring Pappenheim ;
That still as obstacles his path opposed,
His spirit's emulation fiercer roused.
He marked the scene of battle's dark turmoil,
And the Imperial lines in wild recoil
Before the Swedes' victorious advance ;
Then o'er his troops he swept his flashing glance—
When, instant as he gave the stern command,
The riders with their chargers well in hand,
In order firm the prancing steeds arrayed,
Unsheathed their swords, and themselves firmer
stayed—

Then at the word, with all their fury urged,
Full on the foe their charging squadrons surged.

The Swedes beheld th' approaching bolt of war,
And stayed their ranks the expected shock to bar ;
But as the lightning-bolt with thund'ring stroke
Smites full the trunk of the majestic oak,
And, hissing, cleaves through its gigantic girth,
Till quenched its fury as it strikes in earth.
So Pappenheim, like meteor bolt of Jove,
Through Sweden's ranks with his fierce horsemen clove.
And then again the vainly struggling Swedes,
Overborne by the wild crush of trampling steeds
And slashing sabres, in commingled rout,
'Mid shouts of fury soon were dashed about,
And driven backward o'er the ground erewhile

That they had won with so much bloody toil ;
But there, arrested in his conq'ring path,
The gallant Pappenheim was stretched in death—
Yet sternly glad, in closing his career,
That the same fate had snatched his great compeer.*

The war tide turned once more upon the plain,
And wavering victory smiled on Wallenstein,
For whom the field once more showed cheering signs—
With all the Swedes beyond his utmost lines,
And the dread battery again his own—
On that fierce day so often lost and won.

But as one sees upon a stormy day,
When clouds and sunshine struggle for the sway,
And for a space fair weather's prospect gleams,
As all the clouds, chased by the golden beams,
Reveal a sky unto the gladdened view,
O'er all its face of one unruffled blue ;
Yet in the dark horizon e'en the while
Clouds reinforced again are seen to pile,
That speedily the blue vault spreading o'er
Crape with a pall more gloomy than before.
And so in Wallenstein's cleared battle lines,
That for a space showed vict'ry's cheering signs,
As o'er the plain discomfited and foiled,
The broken squadrons of the Swedes recoiled ;
Yet from their ruins, as they fell aside,
A fresh array in vig'rous force deployed,

* Gustavus

And the swept-lately battle plain afar
Again was dark'ning with the rallying war.

To reinforce the Swedes' exhausted nerve
A squadron had been held in quiet reserve,
From Caledonia's hardy shores, renowned
For martial lay, and storied battle-mound ;
To Sweden's clime these fortune-warriors came,
Where well their deeds sustained their country's fame.
Throughout that day, while war's fierce billows tossed,
As either side the fight alternate crossed,
Composed they waited in their shining arms
With miens unmoved at all their dread alarms :
To them now Bernhard trusted to redeem
The fight imper'lled by gallant Pappenheim.

Like some machine of complicated art
That with one wheel moves ev'ry sev'ral part,
So simultaneous, orderly, and grim,
In rider's form and well-trained charger's limb,
At the command, while lit each face with joy,
In open line at once they all deploy ;
While sternly cool, their fiery steeds' career
They kept restrained until approaching near—
Then gradually, their pace increasing oft,
With sabres gleaming terribly aloft,
Until with spurs deep in their chargers' flanks
As one all dashed upon the imperial ranks ;
While in wild chorus rose, as foe met foe,
The yell of fury and the wail of woe—

The victor's shout of triumph ringing high,
Mixed with the vanquished's supplicating cry.*
As the tornado through the forest sweeps,†
And in its passage in wild havoc heaps
With broken limbs and debris thickly strown
Vast trunks of trees by its wild rage o'erthrown,
So swept the Scots, fierce as their native storms,
Their country's mem'ries strengthening their arms.
Sheer through their foes in close sustained attack—
Men, horse, and foot, o'erthrowing in their track—
Through their foes' closest ranks their passage strown
With mangled heaps and banners beaten down,
Till, with the shock unto its centre tossed,
The Imperialists from ev'ry vantage post
Again in wild disorder to recede
Were forced by conqu'ring Scot and furious Swede.
Fit comrades they in kindred paths to bleed—
Their deadly battery once more disarmed,
And their own lines at ev'ry quarter stormed.

By this the sun, as wearied with the scene,
The struggling hosts let night's shades come between ;
Then Wallenstein submitting to his fate—
Through all that changing day still always great,
Whose glance unerring at each point imper'lled
Against the foe some fresh battalion hurled ;
Though Pappenheim's too tardy foot at length
Arrived to reinforce his jaded strength,

*Genesis xxxii. 18.

†The whirlwind does not reap the forest with greater rapidity than the Highlanders cleared the line.—Chambers' Hist. Rebellion.

Yet all too late to retrieve his defeat—
At length proclaimed the signal for retreat.

The Swedes encamped on that red field of strife,
Too dearly won with their great monarch's life ;
Yet not too dear, though at such bitter cost,
That conscience' rights, the freeman's dearest boast,
So long by bigot tyranny abjured,
To Germany and to the world secured.

The contemplation of heroic deeds
In gen'rous minds a kindred ardour breeds,
That thus inspired a nameless bard to sing
The glorious acts of Sweden's deathless king—
The great, the good, the gallant, and the dear,
Who in truth's sacred cause closed an unstained
career !

NOTE.—Wallenstein, more familiarly known to his own soldiers as the Duke of Friedland, and the most consummate strategist of his age, at no time exposed his army to the chances of battle in an open field ; it being his invariable habit, on the approach of an enemy to throw himself behind fortifications or natural strengths, like Wellington at Torres Vedras. But in the manœuvres that eventuated in the Battle of Lutzen, Gustavus, by a rapid movement, seized one of the strongholds that guarded Wallenstein's position. Wallenstein, who was still strong enough, imagining that Gustavus would have been satisfied with this measure of success, and (as the winter was now approaching) meant to go into quarters for the season, made the fatal mistake of breaking up his own army, and dispatching Pappenheim, the greatest cavalry officer of his time, on another expedition. Gustavus, a prince to whom in war all seasons were alike, no sooner heard of the blunder that Wallenstein had committed, than he advanced straight upon his position. Wallenstein, on the

other hand, as soon as he understood the mistake he had committed, at once endeavoured to rectify it by dispatching couriers to bring back his absent detachments, and in the meanwhile laid out the field so that as these arrived during the fight the positions assigned to them were seen ready marked out. It was about sunset when Gustavus' army came up with their enemies, but the battle did not begin till eleven o'clock on the ensuing day.

A SONG OF HOME.

To Crinan's banks my fancy flies,
And byegone mem'ries crowding rise—
To Crinan's banks and wooded braes,
Sweet scenes of boyhood's happy days ;
For there the lintie sweetly sings,
And there the blackbird's whistle rings ;
The mavis wakes the solitudes
Of Auchindarroch's solemn woods.

Her choicest gifts there nature blends,
And ev'ry changing scene transcends—
The sloping plain, the heather's sheen,
The smiling sea, the plantin green:
There Crinan winds her waters still
By fringing woods and bord'ring hill,
And Auchindarroch shades the scene,
With stately firs of evergreen.

'Tis there to feel the morning's breath,
Ere yet the dew has left the heath,
And Nature—her night robes unrolled—

Gilds all the purple hills with gold :
With ravish'd eyes to gaze around,
And hear the cuckoo's notes resound,
While soaring high on quiv'ring wing
The skylark's warbling accents ring.

There mountains ranged in rugged line
Cast their deep shadows on Lochfyne,
That, glist'ning in the early ray,
Rolls its blue waters far away.
But o'er each well-known scene is cast
A mournful halo of the past :
My bursting heart by ev'ry brae
Could weep o'er friends long passed away.

How sweet at eve to rove beside
The winding Crinan's placid tide,
Where flow'rs in rich profusion spread
To ev'ry breeze their fragrance shed.
How oft in youth its death-like still
Chilled my young heart with solemn thrill,
As through the twilight's dusky pall
I heard the lonely corncrake's call.

The Highland youth steals thro' the shade,
His lassie folded in his plaid ;
And ev'ry breeze that murmurs by
Bears on its wings a lover's sigh.
Still as I muse old feelings throng,—
The harvest field the milkmaid's song—
The sporting lambs among the braes—

Pass through my mind in fancy's maze.

Ye solemn woods, ye shady groves,
Where still my pensive fancy roves,
Far, far from you I wander now,
But for you still my heart will glow.
The plough may mar the blooming plain,
Yet will its flowers spring again ;
And still thro' years, 'neath distant skies,
Will childhood's golden mem'ries rise.

Green be your shades, ye rural bow'rs,
Sweet scenes of boyhood's happy hours—
The hazel bush, the bramble wild,
That oft my truant steps beguiled.
Adieu, sweet scenes of other days—
Ye heather hills, and gowan braes,
The murmuring burn, the greenwood shade,
The wooded glen, the wild cascade.

By Crinan's banks in life's decay,
I fain would pass the scene away,
And by the church upon the hill
Recline when death my pulse shall still ;
For there, beneath the elm trees' shade,
The friends of early youth are laid ;—
A mother's love, a brother's pride,
Long quenched in death sleep side by side.

ADDRESS TO THE BLUE MOUNTAINS*

Ye hills above the plain that rear
Your steep impervious barriers,
How bold in prospect ye appear,
With terraced heights and buttressed spurs.
Where mural ramparts tow'ring high
Appear like bulwarks of the sky.

Ye seem like some baronial hold,
By towers flanked and bastions steep,
The fastness of some knight of old :
While round your moated ramparts sweep
Th' imperious Clutha's foaming tide,
And Pomahaka winding wide.

Upon a cloudless morn how fair
Appear your heights of hazy blue,
Whose sharp projections cut the air,
That seem like some rare woodcut view.
With its marked features prominent,
And hollows all in shadow blent.

But stern the view when vapour clouds
Hang brooding o'er thy summits hoar, |
And snow-rack wraps in frozen shrouds
The rugged fastness of the boar,

* Observed a few miles from the plain they present a perpendicular wall-like appearance, that is further sustained by an almost uniformity of height along a considerable part of the range.

Revealing in each dark'ning form
The progress of the rampant storm.

Time speedeth on, ye lofty hills ;
While ebbs and swells the human tide,
The father's place his offspring fills ;
But in your seats ye still abide
A monument through changing time
Of Nature's handiwork sublime.

Time speedeth on, ye lofty hills,
And marks its ravage like a flood,
When teeming clouds the streams o'erfill
That furrow fields, and spoil the wood ;
So rolling seasons leave their trace
In wrinkled brow and shrunken face.

Man o'er your rugged spurs and slopes
Ambitiously asserts a claim,
In fond indulgence of his hopes
To found himself a house and name :
But while men's records rise and fall,
Ye witness still perpetual.

But he who marks his useful sphere,
And lays his talents out to soothe
His generation's evils here,
And spread abroad the cause of truth ;
As lasting as your ramparts shall
Endure his bright memorial.

THE FLAG OF SCOTLAND.

(Suggested on seeing it waving over the Grand Stand at the Caledonian games, Dunedin.)

PRELUDE.

Through ev'ry patriot Scottish heart a thousand
feelings stream,
Through ev'ry loyal Scottish mind a thousand visions
gleam,
As gazing on that flag that waves above his country's
games,
That stirs such thrilling mem'ries up of noble heroes'
names.
O'er peaceful scenes like these, alas ! not always was
unfurled
That brave old flag which oft has been the wonder of
the world.
O'er many a leaguered citadel, through many a battle
shock,
When freedom on the trembling scale at times was
seen to rock,
The vision of that flag still waving proudly in the
air
Has oft revived a nation's heart when sinking in
despair.
And, O, that He, who from the night of bloody ages
gone,
To play a proud part on the earth hath highly raised
her throne,

May still for Scotland's lion flag, in gracious love
 vouchsafe
That borne above the tides of time it yet may brighter
 wave ;
And yearly widening in its range still glorious may' it
 soar,
The herald of the gospel sound to ev'ry heathen
 shore.
Now intertwined with England's red, and Erin's
 Emerald green,
The Scottish lion rears upon the flag of ocean's
 queen.
While terrible in strength combined, the Union Jack
 unfurled,
Floats ev'rywhere a tow'r of strength, a beacon to the
 world.
Long may one part these kingdoms take like loving
 sisters three,
Yet still for freedom's sacred cause may Scotland
 "bear the gree."

Ha ! the spell of rhyme comes o'er me,
 As that banner fills my eyes,
Deeds of fame and battles gory
 In my wakened mem'ry rise.

Nations all have got their glory,
 Mighty names their annals grace ;
Scotland too can boast her story,
 Her's is not a mean-born race.

Chieftains, statesmen, and commanders
Shed a light o'er ev'ry page ;
Captains great as Alexanders,
Poets roused with Homer's rage.

Thebes may boast Epaminondas,
Athens her Miltiades ;
Still their mark is not beyond us,
We have names as great as these.

Proudly stands Sir William Wallace
'Mongst the race who live sublime,
Like some dome or stately palace,
Tow'ring through the lapse of time.

When our country's name and honour
The insulting tyrant crushed,
Laid his spoiling hand upon her,
Trailed her glory in the dust.

Flamed the spirit of the hero
At his country left forlorn,
Sternly braved the Southern Nero,
Laughed his cruel pow'r to scorn.

And in all its wonted manner,
Free on ev'ry breeze to toss,
He unrolled once more the banner
With the lion and the cross.

While the wild notes of his bugle
Roused the spirit of the land,
Up ye freemen for the struggle,
Scotsmen for your country stand.

At the signal rose the clansmen,
With the buckler and claymore ;
With their spears came brave Lowlandsmen,
To drive the spoiler from their shore.

Ranging their loved banner under,
Came a strong determined band,
Worthy their high-souled commander—
Worthy of their native land.

Cruel wrongs their minds inflaming—
Each man felt the cause was right—
Ravaged homes their vengeance claiming,
Made them giants for the fight.

With heroical behaviour,
Adding terror to his name,
Soon his country's gallant saviour
Put his vaunting foes to shame.

Clothed in battle as with thunder,
Tow'ring like a demi-god,
From his arm the strife asunder
Rolled as from the prophet's rod.

Marching on with heart undaunted,
Conquest's tide he saw recede,
Till his country's flag he planted
Upon Berwick on the Tweed.

But a tempest bends the forest,
And the stately monarch oak
Falls to earth—his loss the sorest—
Riven by the light'ning stroke.

He who should have, in a palace,
Swayed an empire's destinies,
Offered was on murd'rous gallows,
Freedom's dearest sacrifice.

But the tyrant's rage was baffled,
And his bloody plans o'erthrown ;
For that blood shed on the scaffold
Proved the stay of Scotland's throne.

Where is now that gallant standard,
Raised by Wallace to the breeze ?
To the mountains has it wandered ?
Has it fled across the seas ?

Nor in city, nor in manor,
Can we find it in its place :
Fie ! the yellow Scottish banner
Has ceased waving for a space.

See yon vessel tempest-driven.
With its mariners so few,
'Gainst the winds and billows striving—
But they seem a martial crew.

On each bronzed and manly visage
Is detected still a trace—
Spite of toil and cruel usage—
That bespeaks a noble race.

From the mast-head see the royal
Flag of Scotland proudly sweep.
Ha ! the men are patriots loyal,
Though now exiles on the deep,

Such a group of warriors fearless
Seldom seen ; so rare a band
Of brave knights, renowned and peerless—
Men created to command.

See yon knight of haughty bearing—
Sworn foe to shameful truce ;
Mark the glance of restless daring—
Know the brave Sir Edward Bruce.

Who is yonder warrior swarthy ?
Dark and fearless is his eye.
Sure some brave and mighty worthy,
Or his looks the man belie.

That is he who, true and fagless,
Toiled for Scotland's weal and fame,
Where the name of good Lord Douglas
Still stirs up the patriot's flame.

Yet behold another noble
With a look of calm command—
Who with brow though wan with trouble,
Stands proclaimed as "master hand :"

That is he whose tameless nature,
Soaring up on eagle wing,
'Mid wild dangers still rose greater—
Scotland's darling hero-king.

Now from vision disappearing
Go that stern devoted few ;
But on land, with ensigns rearing,
Once again they meet my view.

Now on mountain, now in valley,
They are seen in constant fray ;
Now they scatter, now they rally,
And the colours they display

Show thereon a lion rampant,
On a flag of yellow hue,
With St. Andrew's cross triumphant
Blazing on a field of blue.

Till at last, in gallant manner,
Without blemish, without stain,
There is seen the Scottish banner
Waving in its place again.

Now a brave scene spreads before me :
On a lovely summer's day,
Two hosts, dressed in feudal glory,
Marshalled out in war's array.

England's pow'r is there assembled,
With no soft'ning thoughts to spare
Those who late before her trembled ;
All her chivalry is there.

And there's little Scotland fronting,
Stern, composed, and undismayed :
Gaily in the sunshine flaunting
Waves the tartan and the plaid.

Hark, the brazen trumps are sounding ;
And to the terrific charge
Fiery knights and lords are bounding,
Crying " England and St. George !"

On they burst upon the spearmen,
Like storm-billows on the rock ;
But from front unto their rear men
Ev'ry steed reels from the shock.

Now mixed with the armour's rattle
Shrieks and curses rend the air—
As if demons met in battle
Strive, instead of mortals, there.

While o'er all the tumult swelling
Rings the pibroch of the Gael,
With the clansmen madly yelling
Gaidheal, gualann a cheill*

Yet, is seen, with each charge wheeling,
Scotland's flag, borne high in air,
Floating o'er the spearmen kneeling
In a grim unbroken square.

Vain were England's vaunted bowmen
'Gainst Scots' valour on that day :
Horse and footmen, squires and yeomen,
Mingled fall in wild affray.

Gallant knights with levelled lances,
Sheathed in mail from helm to heel,
Spurring, fell like avalanches
On these serried walls of steel ;

But recoiling, baulked and broken,
Rage and numbers all in vain,
For the Scottish lion woken
Then was roaring on the plain.

*Highlanders, shoulders together.

As the summer's tempest rolling
Heaves and rends the Arctic floe—
Grinding, crashing, roaring, howling—
So wild broken now the foe.

From the Conq'ring Scots receding,
On all quarters forced to yield,
England's fragments, crushed and bleeding,
Fly the bloody battle field.

When o'er ev'ry sound contending,
A wild shout that shook the sky,
From a franchised race ascending
Pealed the notes of victory.

* * * *

Nor as mere lukewarm bystanders—
Or inactive on their steeds—
Proved these valiant commanders
On that day of mighty deeds.

Douglas, fighting like a Hector,
Led the way with levelled spear,
And in his old course as victor,
Held a brilliant career.

The right Edward had command of ;
There his actions splendid shone.
In the van heroic Randolph
Bore the wreath he nobly won.

Tell me, all ye students hoary,
In the annals of the brave,
Versed in ev'ry nation's story,
From its cradle to its grave.

Of that group, so brave and gallant,
Where their equals can you find—
High in soul, and bright in talent—
For their country's weal combined.

But midst knights whose deeds undaunted,
Made all Europe's plaudits ring,
Still the foremost place, as wonted,
For high prowess, held the king.

On the evening of the battle,
Ere a thing was said or done,
Ere the charge began to rattle,
Ere the slaughter had begun—

When to view his troops appointed,
In their order ranged in fine,
On a palfrey meanly mounted
He in front rode of the line.

On his helm a crown resplendent
Glittered in the setting sun.
Save on his broad axe dependent,
Shield or weapon he had none.

The crown, on the helmet flashing,
Caught the fated Bohun's glance ;
His spear couched, and on him dashing
Thought to end the fight at once.

Now behold a sight of wonder !
Scotland ventured on a blow !
Let that horse or rider blunder,
And her prospects will be low.

But the monarch thus confronted,
His own fate put in his pow'r,
Bode the ordeal undaunted,
Feeling equal to the hour.

They seemed like two gladiators
On that bold fore-ground of fame,
With two armies for spectators,
And a kingdom for their game.

On came Bohun, and the vision
Tried the stoutest warrior's nerve ;
But before the wild collision
Bruce's steed was seen to swerve.

Then a stroke rang sharp and sudden,
With a dull crash on the ground,
And a charger, terror-ridden,
O'er the plain was seen to bound.

Through De Bohun's helmet driven
Such force Bruce's axe had sped—
The blade, from the handle riven,
Was left buried in his head.

His troops wav'ring with emotion
The king hasted to keep fast,
Who at his stern self-devotion
Shook like pines before the blast.

And 'mid all the stir and fluster
His mien only seemed composed,
Save his glance's brighter lustre
Showed the lion had been roused.

* * * *

On the Southrons wreck and ruin
Fell like plagues on that dark day ;
Who for years of wrongful doing
Then a bitter price did pay.

Nor until in wild disorder,
Harassed, broken, and dismayed,
They were driven o'er the border,
Was the chase and slaughter stayed.

For insult and spoliation,
They a lesson then were taught
By a roused and outraged nation,
They for ages ne'er forgot.

As from the prestige of her banner
Oppression then to earth was hurled,
Providence meant in that manner
Scotland yet should teach the world.

DUNEDIN.

Upon her hill, Dunedin,
How beautiful she stands,
The ocean wafting to her feet
The wealth of other lands.
Round promontories bending,
Far as the eye can reach,
On ev'ry side extending,
Her rising suburbs stretch.
Opposing and closing
On ev'ry side the scene,
Are hills on hills reposing,
With fertile vales between.

Surrounding and frowning,
Wild mountains guard the bay—
Green woods their summits crowning
To make the landscape gay.
And o'er its waveless bosom
The steamboat churns along,
And craft in busy motion

To crowded jetties throng.
The prospect relieving
The bay gleams like a pond,
While with wild billows heaving
The ocean rolls beyond.

How pleasantly, how pleasantly,
Beneath the sun's warm glow,
From Roslyn's lofty eminence,
The city looks below.
O'er rugged situations
Dunedin spreads away,
In waving undulations
It winds around the bay.
What toiling and moiling
Is sounding underneath ;
What scheming and dreaming
Within that compass brief.

How wonderful ! How wonderful—
Where flax so lately grew—
To see so many goodly piles
And streets stretch out in view.
By ev'ry hillside shelving,
Where lately reigned the fern,
The fruits of vig'rous delving,
And cottages, adorn.
Where hewing and hoeing,
Forced nature to give place,
Till orchards now are growing
Where Maoris led the chase.

How beautiful ! How beautiful,
When darkness robes the scene,
With heaven's starry vault overhead
All cloudless and serene.
And heavenly gems in clusters
Light up the milky way,
Whose ev'ry bright orb glisters
Like silver in the bay.
Whilst gleaming and beaming
From ev'ry side on high,
The hills with lights are teeming
Like diamonds in the sky.

Upon thy hill, Dunedin,
With all my wand'rings wide,
To vie with thee I know one spot
And only one beside.
Far o'er yon waste of waters
Whose white foam laves the shore,
By the graves of my forefathers—
Land I may see no more.
To me than sweet Crinan,
E'en where it meets Loch Fyne,
No fairer can I see than
Its dear scenes of langsyne.



EPIGRAM.

In answer to a burlesque on the foregoing by someone who
signed himself "Quagmire."

Hold up thy head, Dunedin,
In spite of Quagmire's sneers,
His muddy fancy breeding,
Delights in savage jeers.
What tho' at times rough weather
Thy beauty may disgrace,
His own may be no better
Before he cleans his face.

HERMENGOLD.

'Twas long ago, ere supine sloth
Replaced with silks the garbs of steel,
When Rome's dread scourge, the Visigoth,
Held haughty sway in Old Castile ;
A hero then the sceptre held,
Of lofty port and presence mild ;
Though early called the sway to wield,
His people's hope was Hermengold.

His various gifts did well combine
To wield the sword and poise the spear,

Till in the tourney formed to shine,
No foe could brook his steed's career.
Though he could move proud beauty's fears,
No vicious stains his name defiled ;
Among his knighthood's stately peers
The stateliest was Hermengoild.

Within the crowded city walls
The stately pageant slowly moves,
As to his father's lighted halls
He leads the beauteous bride he loves.
Then gaily shone the festive throng,
Where peerless beauty blushed and smiled,
And pealed the music and the song :
" On with the dance," said Hermengoild.

Ere coursed the sun its annual round,
Again the festive honours blazed,
When the proud father's hopes were crowned,
As on his new-born son he gazed.
He took the swaddling on his knee,
And fondly kissed and blessed his child :
" Through life may spotless honour be
Thy guiding star," said Hermengoild.

When dark rebellion rose in force,
With thirty thousand in its train,
With scarce ten thousand foot and horse
He faced their army on the plain.
Along the bristling lines opposed

The hero glanced, and sternly smiled,
Then, as his vizor's clasp he closed,
"Proclaim the charge," said Hermengoild.

As burst his charge like lightning forked,
His sword was foremost in the field,
Where his destroying path was marked
By riven helm and cloven shield.
Before his squadron's stern array
The foe gave place in panic wild,
Then, wav'ring, turned and fled away—
"Spare all—who yield," said Hermengoild.

Alas ! that triumphs bright as these
Should yield so soon to scenes of grief,
When, smitten by a fell disease,
The people mourned their mighty chief.
With quenchless soul he faced his doom,
Nor from its terrors grim recoiled :
"Since life for me has shed its bloom,
Then welcome, death," said Hermengoild.

IMPROMPTU.

Suggested from the author seeing his face—flushed with
toiling in the harvest field—reflected in a water barrel, out
of which he was drinking.

Twenty shows a thoughtless air,
Thirty shows some lines of care,
Forty shows a wrinkled brow,
Fifty shows a silvered pow,
Sixty shows a failing man,
Seventy measures out the span.

GUALANN LE CHEILE.*

Air—Bonnie “Strathmore.”

Respectfully inscribed to the Gaelic Society, Dunedin.

(Professor Blackie in one of his speeches lately recommended the Highlanders, in view of the probable extinction of their identity as a people, to assert themselves more strongly by means of public associations than they have hitherto done.)

For your loved institutions ye sons of the Gael,
May your motto as ever be—Gualann le chéill,
As the fiery cross roused your fore-sires to the fight,
Like them for your name be as swift to unite.
While this too slighting age would fain ignore the
worth
Of a race that have left their deep stamp on the earth;
Still in union combined to their memories true,
May we oft with their own stirring themes these
renew.

CHORUS :

Together then stand with the same purpose fraught,
In asserting yourselves that your forefathers taught,
When M'Donald, clan Ronald, Kintail and Lochiel,
In their hurricane onslaught, cried “Gualann le chéile.”

* Shoulders together.

Though now exiles of fortune, whate'er be our lot,
Let us prove in our bosoms are still unforgot
Our ties with the land of these chivalrous clans,
Who so proud in their country's wars shone in the
vans ;

Though unfriendly scribes have their virtues decried,
And their wild headlong valour 'gainst vet'ran hosts
tried ;

Yet their disciplined conduct such proud notice claimed,
As their sneering detractors confounded and shamed.

At red Fontenoy, where at first was essayed
'Fore Europe, the might of the Highland Brigade,
As they spread o'er her rear like a covering shield,
When England for once had to yield up the field.
Then the pibroch's wild chorus defiantly rose,
As exultingly dashed all their triumph-flushed foes,
On their ranks like the waves on their own rocky
shores,
But to "break like their spray" from their dreadful
claymores.

Nor 'mong Egypt's red sands were their deeds less of
note,

Where Napoleon's invincible legions they smote,
Till in each bloody battle the Highlander's, known
As the bulwarks of victory, gallantly shone.
Nor yet more intrepid in battle their tramp,
Than ordered and peaceful their steps in the camp ;
Thus in war with its blood, or in peace with its balm,
So fitly combining the lion and lamb.

How stately their port, when in costume arrayed,
With hose, kilt, and sporran, and bonnet and plaid,
When parading the street, to the pipes' thrilling
 strains,

Whose mem'ries the blood makes to surge through
 the veins.

But when the cloud of battle hangs lurid and low,
And the pibroch peals loud the advance on the foe,
In the shock of the charge, then how dreadful the
 Gael.

While rings their wild rallying cry, "Gaulann le
 chéile."

Ye sons of the Gael boast your proud pedigree,
For your stern warring sires were the race of the free,
Whose far-reaching annals, like midnight sky starred,
Are bright with the records of hero and bard ;
Whilst Ossian's mind shed like the moon's fuller rays,
As of Fingal he sang his majestic lays,
From these far hills of time such a glory of light,
As have lightened the ages of succeeding night.

Stern race of the Highlands, the years now are gone,
When the Saxon and Celt but as foemen were known,
And in peaceful acquirements are now hand in glove,
The descendants of those who once vengefully strove ;
Yet, hailing the Saxon as brother and peer,
Our forefathers' mem'ries we'll still cherish dear,
And guard the mementoes—a sacred birthright—
That tell of their ancient traditions and might.

COUSIN MARY.

Among the number of my friends,
With whom at times I meet and tarry,
Not one my heart and brow unbends
More readily than Cousin Mary.
A gentle unassuming air,
A manner easy, free, and airy
A wealth of flowing golden hair—
Just simply outline Cousin Mary.

When in her wonted quiet way
She looks so soft, so quiet, and simple ;
But when a smile begins to play,
And when her cheek begins to dimple,
Oh, how her blue eyes then light up
With such a flash of humour racy—
While rising aptly to her lip,
Her witty answer would amaze ye !

I love to gaze on Mary's face
That seems so innocent and gentle,
Well pleased to note the outward grace
Is still transcended by the mental.
In yielding gifts so rare combined
I'm sure Dame Fortune was not chary ;
For, take her both in face and mind,
There's something good in Cousin Mary.

If fortune smiling on my way

To me would her abundance render,
And raise me up some future day
To place of wealthy ease and splendour ;
In stretching her a helping hand,
I scarcely think I would be chary—
The highest place in all the land,
Is not too good for Cousin Mary.

Though blighted joys have caused a smart,
And left a wound that ever bleedeth,
Until within my burning heart
A fiercer pang each pang succeedeth ;
Yet to my mind there's left a ray,
That makes the cloud of darkness vary—
The hope to find through life alway
A loving friend in Cousin Mary.

BONNIE JEAN.

The joyous sun, with golden beam,
Shone glitt'ring on the placid bay ;
The hills with diamonds seemed to gleam,
As from the town I bent my way ;
When I met, bounding down the brae,
A lass, whose image haunts me still,
Her cheeks were like the glowing day—
'Twas bonnie Jean upon the hill.

Her rosy lips wore a bright smile ;
Her clear complexion showed health's hue;
Joy dancing in her eyes the while
Lit up their depths of bonnie blue.
Though spring decked nature's face anew,
And birds around were warbling shrill,
No object charmed my ravished view
Like bonnie Jean upon the hill.

How oft since then, amid my toil,
Through many a weary sultry day,
I've pictured that sweet lassie's smile
As she came bounding down the brae.
To hard fate doomed a debt to pay
I'm driven on, with captive will,
Yet fancy oft will flee away
To bonnie Jean upon the hill.

But ah ! would fate its frown forego,
And fortune on my side declare,
I then might cause her joy to flow,
And seek with her life's yoke to share :
Then never more would cease my care,
Though forced the hungriest ground to till,
From sorrow's pangs the heart to spare
Of Bonnie Jean upon the hill.

May no cold frost nip this sweet flow'r
Now blooming in life's morning dew,
Rejoicing in youth's guileless hour,
Without one thought of aught untrue.

And may that villain dearly rue,
Whose guileful words would mean her ill,
And rob the happy healthy hue
From bonnie Jean upon the hill.

ON THE BAGPIPES

When Scotland's drone sounds in my ears
My heart with martial joy it cheers ;
From off my mind all mundane cares
It makes to roll,
And sways at will, to joy or tears,
My melting soul.

Some for the organ's solemn peal
Affect a lofty joy to feel ;
Some, for dancing a quadrille,
Choose the piano,
Or back the fiddle for a reel,
Or waltz viana.

Their merits I will not gainsay—
They're all respectful in their way—
While I must own that at the play
Of the sweet fiddle
My jigging feet, perforce, obey
It's lively diddle.

But when the pipes give utterance,
Then, houts! all vapours fly at once,
And on the floor, inspired to dance,
 Go toe and heel ;
It makes the toddling wee things prance,
 So blyth they feel.

On battle field, mid clashing steel,
How vain would be the organ's peal
To make the squadrons charge or wheel,
 While cannons volley,
And there the fiddle's lively squeal
 Would be but folly.

But o'er the roar of battle known
Resounds the bagpipes' thrilling drone,
That fires the Gael with actions done
 In days of yore,
Until a thousand fight as one,
 When harassed sore.

How swift it bears my thoughts along,
As wailing some old Scottish song
That pictures forth some plaintive wrong
 Of olden time,
Till through my mind wild visions throng
 In muse sublime.

Inspired by its wild strains to rise,
The mind from mean surroundings flies,
Or smarting, chafes at its low guise
 And curbed career,

As fancy then would realise
Its brighter sphere.

Unskilled the lore of gain to learn,
With naked prospects all forlorn,
And the dark thoughts of feelings torn,
That wildly hove,
As wounded pride would brood and mourn
Its bootless love.

Yet all this bitter fancy's food
Is swept off with a gushing flood,
And she so long—so sadly wooed,
Moved by the strain—
Forgotten all her coldness rude—
Is loved again.

Still fancy lashes on her car,
As swells the pibroch's wilder bar,
When gallant visions loom afar
Of battle vans,
And foremost in the ranks of war
The plaided clans.

Wild thrills with sympathetic joy
My heart, to view them stern deploy*
On fields of fame, while foes annoy,
With shot and shell,

* In this verse, as well as one in another poem (Epistle to D. D.), whether from accidental coincidence of thought, or that their ideas were simply, though inadvertently, supplied from previous reading, the similarity of these to two parallel verses of Burns is too striking to be passed by without acknowledgement.

As when at bloody Fontenoy
They bore the bell.

Still vivid mem'ries flashing o'er
Illumine dark Culloden Moor,
Where rival hosts, resolved and dour,
For war have come,
And mingling notes defiance pour
From pipe and drum.

I hear the furious canonade,
Whose shots the Highland ranks enf'lade,
And the concentric fusilade
That greets their charge,
With the loud clashing tumult made
By sword and targe.

A horrid tug—the line is clear,
Then grand in view the clans appear,
As gath'ring their thinned forces near,
Their furious charge
Full on the foe, still ranged in rear,
Again they urge.

Alas! the battle is too sore,
And vain's the strength of the claymore,
Where foes outnumb'ring volleys pour
That havoc carry,
While proud M'Donald's sullen corps
Inglorious tarry*

* The M'Donalds, resenting the loss of their accustomed post on the right wing in battle at Culloden, refused to charge with the other clans, even at the bidding of their own chief.

They're gone ; that stern race are no more,
With their broad buckler and claymore,
That some affirm, in needless gore
 Was oft imbrued,
When their wild land contentions tore,
 And party feud.

But who has known in trust to fail
The loyal bosom of the Gael,
Or seen his face in battle quail
 Before a foe,
Or e'er a suppliant one assail
 With coward blow.

As ocean's flood-tides strew their bays,
So they have left on moors and braes
Stern tokens of these stormy days,
 Where cairns are piled,
While breathes their spirits in their lays
 And pibrochs wild.

Curse on their suicidal laws,
That have betrayed a people's cause,
Whose valour won the world's applause,
 But whose thronged glens
Are now laid waste by quibs and flaws
 Of lawyers' pens.

Across the wild Atlantic waves,
Or where the broad Pacific heaves,
By forests vast of tropic leaves,

They're scattered wide,
Who to the land of their sires' graves
Still turn with pride.

And I, a wand'ring far exile,
Do also oft my mind beguile
With thoughts of that dear heather isle,
Whose glorious lot
Upon this earth oft makes me smile
That I'm a Scot.

THE CALEDONIAN GATHERING.

(Inscribed to James McDonald, Prize Piper, January, 1880.)

Away with sighs and vain regrets,
Dead hopes in quick remembrance hove,
That with Dunedin's minarets
Recall their pangs of bootless love.
Now prouder scenes my fancy move,
Whose mem'ry still my heart inflames,
When waved the lion flag above
Old Caledonia's manly games.

Bright shone the morn on New Year's Day
That thus auspiciously began,
When through the streets all thronged and gay
The band marched, marshalled man by man,

The pipers playing in the van
With philabeg and tartan plaid,
Suggestive of old warlike clan
To battle bound or lawless raid.

'Tis not for me to paint the scene
Where the continuous life-tide flowed—
The thousands circling round the green,
The Stand thronged with a gayer crowd,
The cries of hucksters touting loud ;
England and her kin flags unfurled
There with Columbia's waving proud,
Who always thus might rule the world.

But central o'er the girdled field
Was Scotia's lion flag unrolled ;
O, how my heart within me thrilled
As it conjured up thoughts of old,
When freedom 'neath her riddled fold,
'Mid cumbered fields and heaps of slain,
Inspired with might these patriots bold
Who now 'mong Time's immortals reign.

In costumes gay the trained athletes
In various contests then were seen.
Some with the hammer acting feats,
Some in the foot-race striving keen ;
The wrestlers struggling on the green,
The leapers vaulting with the pole—
All marked a stirring, cheering scene,
While sober order ruled the whole.

Nor mine to record now, the part,
What bays the various victors won—
And how in Terpsichoré's art
The light-heeled Murray peerless shone ;
The hammer gained by Mathieson ;
Or how the Caber went to Ogg ;
Or Tiffin—other rivals thrown—
The palm was forced to yield to Dagg.

But 'mid these feats, at times a sound
Sent the blood surging thro' my veins,
As circling slow th' arena round
I heard the bagpipes' thrilling strains.
For these my native Highland glens,
Forsaken long, recalled once more
With all their lovely wooded scenes
And stores of legendary lore.

At length the hour appointed found
The kilted minstrels at the test,
With able judges sitting round
To prove which piper played the best.
But old M'Coll among the rest
His honors won, not then essayed,
And Sharp, a man of skill confessed,
An accident that day betrayed.

The candidates then, one by one,
Played proudly marching o'er the board ;
And there the youthful Finlayson
A flood of melody outpoured ;

And hardy Campbell, loud encored,
With his strathspeys the people thrilled ;
While Grant the place of honour scored
O'er Gray, at pibroch tune unskilled.

But one, to this shore lately come,
Who wore the garb of that dread corps
Who on Assaye's field whilom
Through 'whelming hosts their trophies bore,
And broke the French on Maida's shore,
And 'venging Sepoy massacres
Won Havelock's plaudits at Cawnpore—
Old Seaforth's gallant Highlanders.

He then a spell-bound crowd beguiled
With stirring strains that ringing fell,
And weird-like pibroch wailing wild,
That from his peers fair bore the bell ;
And by my faith he wore it well,
For as he o'er the board did stride
His lofty port did all excel
In symmetry and Celtic pride

Such are the scenes to Scotchmen dear
That when afar their land recall :
But with each prize awarded there
Why was unmarked the garb of Gaul ?
Or deem we now to let it fall
As type of a barbaric race,
And pass unthinkingly o'er all
The glorious scenes where it had place.

Fie on the thought of narrow span,
That of a race the mementoes
Of former might would strive to ban.
Though once 'mong England's proudest foes,
When stirred to arms the clansmen rose
And on her ranks like whirlwinds fell;
Now as her friends how potent those,
Let Waterloo or Alma tell.

Still may each people of these lands
Their native customs fondly hoard,
That indicates the sep'rate strands
That form the British threefold cord.
And may His mercy be adored
Who all these parts, once prone to jar,
Has taught in unity to chord,
Or nobly join in righteous war.

THE BLOSSOM.

I once espied a gentle blossom
With grace and fragrance blooming rare,
I thought to take it to my bosom
And wear it as a treasure there.

And as it grew so fair and goodly,
I longed the more its sweets to taste;
I stretched my hand, perhaps too rudely—
For, Ah! I crushed it in my haste.

Oh, would that I had left that treasure,
Contented with a distant view,
It might have yielded still a pleasure
To watch and love it as it grew.

But now it has shed all its sweetness,
Or for my breast or for the tree,
Such charms that I thought showed such meetness
To sooth my breast were not for me.

SANDIE AND JEAN.

The summer evening, with its mellow charm,
Had closed the toiling labours of the farm ;
The horses for the night released from thrall
Were all unyoked, and foddered in the stall.
The servant lads, the cheerful supper o'er,
With lighted pipes, were loit'ring round the door ;
While for the yard each maiden gets her pail—
The lads assisting wayward kine to bail.
With romp and jest, the sounds of laughter peal,
While calves impatient bellow for their meal ;
And the good-man, with careful oversight,
Looks round and sees all sorted for the night.
When Sandie, all his work with care now done,
Went off on some quiet errand of his own.

The western clouds with many mingled hue—

That o'er the scene a chastened feeling threw—
Still showed the glowing pathway where the sun,
With fading grandeur, on his way had run
Like some proud monarch by hard fate o'erthrown,
Who to a rival abdicates his throne ;
So his high sphere, there proudly throned at noon
He now perforce has yielded to the moon,
That in his burning footsteps treading close,
Then in the east sublimely orb'd arose
The rich green clover fields, wet by the dews,
To ev'ry breeze their fragrance fresh diffuse ;
Bright in the angles from the fading beam,
Gleamed the red waters of a neighb'ring stream.
'Twixt neat hedge-rows, the smoothly metalled road
That echoed Sandie's footsteps as he trod,
Now skirted round the suburbs of the town,
Where stately villas grassy uplands crown ;
Where, from the cares of life the moneyed great,
Of fortune wearied, held retired state ;
Fair gardens there sent perfumes to the wind,
And waving gums the wayside thickly lined ;
While close within a deep'ning avenue
(Where the wan gloaming faintly struggled through),
Fond Sandie's heart began to palpitate,
As, waiting by the trim white garden gate,
His eyes beheld—so neatly dressed and clean—
The graceful figure of his winsome Jean.
The road deserted erst, to him I wist
Now seemed quite gay, with that sweet form at tryst ;
And stepping up, right blithe his greeting fell—

“How are you, Jean? I hope I see you well.”
He read his welcome in her kindly face,
As “Well, I thank you,” she replied with grace,
And, with a smile of welcome bright and winning,
Put her soft hand in his, and said good e’ening.

Fair in that scene of mingled light and shade,
Was the appearance of that kind-eyed maid;
Above her brow, and down each temple white,
Flowed her rich locks, like darkest robes of night—
Of net and braid, all free and unconfined,
In silken ringlets left to fall behind;
The deep blue eye showed only peace serene,
While the expression of her tranquil mien
Yon full-faced moon, that in the east slow rose,
Than her’s seemed not more gentle in repose;
Though the whole portrait boasted a pretence
To beauty, less than honesty and sense.

Right glad that night was Sandie by her side,
As o’er her comely form he glanced with pride.
She was the goddess, over all confessed,
Whose image long was shrined within his breast;
To whom before he’d urged a gentle suit,
And was this night resolved to prosecute
With all the tender zeal that eloquent
A lover makes when seeking such consent.

“Dear Jeanie,”—He began with this intent—
“’Tis now some time since we were first acquaint,
And of each other as fit mates for love

We've now by this had ample time to prove ;
But as for me, and that I love you well
I hardly think 'tis needful I should tell,
Since from the time when first you met my eye
To win thy love has been my constant sigh ;
While your kind ways, and actions of your life,
Are all that I would seek for in a wife.
'Tis true, the brightest gifts I can bestow
Are but a horny hand, and sweaty brow ;
But with these go a heart whose truth insures
That all its hopes and high resolves are yours ;
To look on you, as through this life we wend,
Less as a partner than a bosom friend ;
And trusting him whose sunshine lights us all,
Our lines may yet on sweet contentment fall.
While homely comfort blesses our estate,
What care we for the splendour of the great,
Whose dowered portion, and whose silken store,
Than empty show too oft yield little more."

While for himself thus Sandie fondly pled,
Jean smiled at first, and then she gravely said—
"I would be wrong, if not to tell you plain,
That these fond fancies of your heart are vain.
Though for yourself, from other thoughts apart,
With strong respect I hold you in my heart ;
But here the line more near approaches ends
That still must mark our intercourse as friends.
For my resolve—with due reflection made—
Is, that 'tis better for me not to wed.
When I observe so oft, and o'er again,

How married joys but end in wedded pain,
I can't help thinking that of ev'ry test
For peace of mind, 'a single life's the best.' "

" Like many a purpose, born of fancy's freak,
This thought of yours, Jean, is a wild mistake.
That if persisted in, you may depend
You'll rue the fault when it's too late to mend.
Just see yourself, the Great Creator's plan,
Who made the woman as a help for man,
And formed their natures diff'rent tempered, so
That each a mutual blessing should bestow ;
Just of two sisters mark the diff'rence made,
The one is married—one remains unwed :
The latter left alone her course to steer,
How soon her life becomes a narrowing sphere !
While the position of her fleeting race
Is plainly written on her fading face ;
Her wonted buxom form grows thin and spare,
And rolling years but seem to sour her air ;
Misunderstood, unloved, unsought, unknown,
'Mong friends and company, ne'er more alone :
Left by the old, and bantered by the young,
Her spirit oft by rude allusions stung ;
While ev'ry mark of pain to her is laid
As from a jealous-minded sour old maid.
But, to the other turn, and in the wife
See the bright genius of another's life—
Years deal but lightly with her comely face,
While her proportions grow with matron grace ;
And spreading out, and growing in her room

(Like some fair fruit-tree in perennial bloom),
Come shooting up sweet saplings by her side—
A blooming race, at once her love and pride ;
Here is her world, where all her cares convene,
With scarce a hope outside that homely scene.
How fair the view ! what subject for desire,
The clean-swept hearth, the cheerful evening fire,
Where young and old, with chat and bursts of mirth,
From cares released, are gathered round the hearth.
There sits the sire, his limbs relaxed from toil,
His care-worn features softened with a smile ;
And there the mother, in her element,
A picture looks of comfort and content ;
For here the woman breathes her native air,
And there the pow'rs of love are brought to bear,
Where all the days with kindness are sped,
And years fly by with blessings on their head ;
With the grand plan of ' living and let live,'
They, blest themselves, a mutual blessing give.
So roll their lives in even tenor through."

" 'Tis charming, doubtless, in that bird's-eye view.
But to the picture draw a little nigh—
What a wide diff'rence then will meet the eye !
The mutual bick'rings of an ill-matched pair
Will sadly mar the scene you paint so fair,
Whose glowing minds once painting joys, when wed
Ne'er dreamt of sorrows with the marriage bed.
How oft a girl has proved the bitter truth,
Who in the hey-day of her bloom and youth,
With sprightly manners, and with sparkling eye,

From many an envious lover wrung a sigh ;
Just like a flow'r which sent forth sweet perfume
In the green fields, when left alone to bloom,
And like that flow'r, snatched up and prized a day,
Begins to droop, and then is cast away.
Behold her fate, who in a thoughtless hour
Her destiny puts in another's pow'r ;
A while, perhaps, things may go smooth and sweet,
Till pleasure palls, or passion finds surfeit,
When soon a change will work beneath the roof,
As ' Self ' begins to show his cloven hoof ;
And then 'twill be, instead of ' will you, dear,'
' Do as I bid,' or, ' Madam, do you hear ;'
Till she, his goddess once (his words to judge),
Is now reduced to a mere household drudge ;
To study whims is now her priv'lege high,
And read his humor in her master's eye ;
Her pain or pleasure, all her ups and downs,
Just as her selfish tyrant smiles or frowns.
And now, against the scene you paint so fine,
Where love and peace harmoniously combine,
Imagine this case—surely not o'erwrought—
Where hasty love has dear experience bought :
A wretched thatched hut, built of sod and clay,
Just bare enough to keep the storm at bay ;
A care-worn woman moves within this sphere,
Coarse-dressed from need, and slovenly from care ;
Her growing fam'ly hanging round her skirt,
Ragged and rude with tumbling in the dirt,
With scarce enough to mind their body's needs,
Their minds like gardens overgrown with weeds.

The man, at eve, returning from his work,
Fatigued with toil, and sullen as a Turk ;
Something outside has come his mood between—
His wife at home receives his pent-up spleen.
Now a choice spirit in some wild carouse,
He sits and guzzles at a public house,
Till brutalised with fumes of burning rum,
He makes a shift at last to stagger home,
Where, by the light that night-long doomed to burn,
His weeping wife sits, dreading his return ;
And he, so glorious late, so hugely blessed,
Comes to his home, a demon in his breast :
While she, poor creature, to the storm must bow
Of sottish clamour or unmanly blow.
And soon, with tears of bitter anguish shed,
She learns to rue the day when she was wed."

" Jean, nothing's good when carried to extremes,
Then why compel your fancy to such themes ?
The earth itself is not from evils whole—
Behold the burning South ; the frozen Pole—
But who would thence at the result arrive
That in this world 'twas misery to live.
Nor is it right for its abuse to charge
With inconsistency married life at large."

" Well, then, look higher in the social scale,
Still will you find sad evils wide prevail :
How oft we see a wife refined in mind,
Who seemed for greatness and some good designed,
Yet, bound by vows to honour and obey,

She follows one who but impedes her way—
One whose success to her clear sense he owes,
Whose counsel prompts him, and whose wisdom shows ;
Yet her bright views, obscured by contact mean,
From her proud breast wrings many a tear unseen.
The worldly gaze oft meets a smiling face,
Which in the chamber shows a tearful trace ;
Where wedded love oft seems a poet's theme,
The curtain lecture marks the closing scene.
And so, you see, 'tis as I've often said,
The wisest plan of all is *not* to wed."

Then Sandie answered, as she ceased, " But, Jane,
Though sound your reasons seem, they are but vain,
And if you'll favour me a while to pause,
For this dark state of things I'll find a cause.
While maidens leave their judgments in suspense,
And hark to vanity instead of sense,
And for its glitter prize the wedding ring,
So long will grief from their mad folly spring.
Just see a man, a perfect lady's beau,
Whose dress and hair his chiefest labours know ;
A perfect don at the accomplished art
Of utt'ring nothings with a manner smart.
Place by his side a man of sterner stuff,
In outward mien and manners plain and rough,
Rude as the rock that hides the precious ore,
With the same mine of richness at his core :
He, in his rugged strength with wonder cast,
Sees woman's softness as a sweet contrast ;
Her gentle nature all his thoughts conjure,

Who seems to him so innocent and pure,
With her attractions heightened by the charm
Of one whose weakness needs a shelt'ring arm ;
And hence with sober thoughts he seeks the yoke,
That, for her sake, he may be like the oak
That lets the vine twine round its mighty form,
And shields the frail thing from the sweeping storm.
'Tis this enthusiasm nerves his arm
For her to toil, and brave all care and harm,
For her all this—no plaything of a day—
His dearest friend, to share his weal alway ;
To her who calls all his devotion forth,
His words betray his sense of her true worth,
As in her mien his thoughts he seems to trace,
True as the glass, reflecting face to face ;
So what he thinks, or what he wants to say,
He frankly tells her in the plainest way,
But little dreaming that his manner plain
Is apt to fray the lady's tender grain.
The perfumed dandy, caring not a rush,
Makes splendid game by beating round the bush ;
No depth of feeling highly marks the scene
Where words contrive a doubtful sense to mean ;
Till soon, o'erpowered by fashion's gaudy charms,
The flattered beauty sinks back in his arms.
The man whose qualities embosomed lie
Has few attractions in a woman's eye—
She quickly caught by superficial grace,
Draws her ideal from a shape or face.
A speech polite, a mincing step at waltz,

With her will screen a multitude of faults.
But the fond dreamer seeking only good,
Who judges others with his mind imbued
With honest thoughts, straightforward and sincere,
Trusts by fair means to gain the maiden's ear ;
But, shocked and pained, he meets a cold return,
Or finds himself repelled with slight and scorn,
And darkly brooding, sternly bites his beard,
As o'er his head a rival is preferred ;
To one he must, forsooth, forego his prize
Who as an equal he might well despise.
Then can you wonder longer, Jeanie, friend,
That marriages should oft in sorrow end,
When maidens, willingly, so oft are strung
By the soft blarney of some supple tongue.
Note this remark—too oft with truth replete—
Whoe'er you see distinguished for conceit,
Who chiefly through their tongues attention gain,
You'll seldom see to play their parts as men ;
Where'er they go, in whatsoever spheres,
Their love of self conspicuously appears ;
Soon Time, the touchstone, their devotion proves,
When passing months have cooled their wedded loves ;
Then Self, awaking from his short-lived dream,
Within the household views himself supreme,
And to be served and waited on for life,
Self must be tyrant, and enslaves the wife.
Yet strange it is of cases, nine in ten,
To such as these girls turn in choice of men."

* * * * *

By this the moon had risen o'er the trees,
Whose dark leaves rustled in the chill night breeze ;
The tolling bell told that the hour was late,
As Jean prepared to shut the garden gate ;
While o'er their features streamed the broad moonlight
As they locked hands, and whispered their good night.
How Jeanie looked as her good night she bade,
Or what impression Sandie's logic made—
Of these two facts my muse knows only this,
That Jean and Sandie parted with a kiss.

BANACEARD JEAN.

Oh ! the wicked young maidens, since the world
began,
They have just been a grief and a torment to man,
With their witching ways ; but I ne'er saw a quean
With ways so bewitching as Banaceard Jean.

In the charm of her manner there just seems a spell
Binds all who come near her, and she knows it well ;
For her blue laughing eyes there is mischief within,
And a mirth-loving spirit has Banaceard Jean.

Most maids with one sweetheart contented would be,
Though many there are who must have two and three,
But if one, there are ten (I declare it's a sin),
Who are deeply love-smitten with Banaceard Jean.

They throng to the house in a crowd ev'ry night,
Where they keep buzzing round her like moths round
a light;

While to parties and soirees and sports on the green,
He's a bless'd man indeed who gets Banaceard Jean.

There are hinds from the country and lads from the
town,

Each brimful of hope that the prize is his own
From sure signs of favour—a plain proof, I ween,
That a flirt's vein has large room in Banaceard Jean.

There is one—a young beau—oh, so spruce in his
dress,

With the manners so much that young ladies impress,
Who for killing seems bent, and there's scarcely an
e'en

But he's desp'rately trying 't with Banaceard
Jean.

There is one from the country, so jaunty and neat,
With some wit in his way, and a dash of conceit ;
Oh, the funniest picture that ever was seen
Is the side he puts on with Banaceard Jean.

And then there's another, who lives down the street,
Who bows so politely each time that they meet ;
All the ways that he thinks of he tries, to get in,
But no way that he thinks does with Banaceard
Jean.

And there's a young sailor, now far o'er the sea,
And perhaps there are few who're more thought of
than he ;
And a conceited young fellow, who seems precious
green,
He seems just so cock-sure of Banaceard Jean.

And there's an old fellow, a lawyer, I hear,
So uppish in manner, yet shabby and queer,
Come down just in purpose to put a word in
For his son, who is spooney on Banaceard Jean.

And then there's another, but he's scarcely fit
To please the maid's taste, being no beau or wit,
Whose years of devotion and slighted love's spleen
Are the laugh of the life of sad Banaceard Jean.

Though loving friends round him, with efforts applied
To heighten his pleasure, might well give him pride,
But a deep-seated sorrow his bosom within
No joy can alloy wanting Banaceard Jean.

THE FLOWER OF THE TAIERI, AND PRIDE OF THE PLAIN.

(Written in imitation of "Bonnie Strathmore.")

When the sun, as it sets, leaves the west in a glow,
Till the clouds are all tinged with the tints of the
bow,

How sweet is the landscape in evening's soft hue,
While the distant hill-tops are like gold in the view.
But the loveliest landscape that e'er I surveyed
On a calm summer's eve, half in sunshine and shade,
Cannot yield me the pleasure that thrills through
each vein,
Like the flow'r of the Taieri—the Pride of the Plain.

CHORUS :

You might turn to the east, and the west, but in vain,
Or the lands of the sun, o'er the far rolling main ;
But a flower so spotless you'd search for in vain,
As the Flow'r of the Taieri and Pride of the Plain.

Nor the tui and thrush, on a bright summer's day,
As they chant in the bush while I pass by the way,
Can convey an impression more gratefully dear
Than the charm of her voice as it falls on my ear.
And the note of the skylark more joy cannot bring,
Or the sweet sylvan choir, as they welcome the spring,
When the green-mantled woods burst in blossom
again,
Than the soft thrilling tones of the Flow'r of the
Plain

You might turn, &c.

As the breeze gently ripples the sun-lighted streams,
So her face with the radiance of smiles ever beams ;
Nor more artlessly winning in manners than she,
Is the lamb as it gambols so blyth on the lea.
Though proud self-sustained as the Queen on the
throne,

Yet modesty still breathes in her ev'ry tone,
And the lady of fashion would rival in vain
The heart-winning grace of the Flow'r of the Plain.

You might turn, &c.

Though rosebuds the garden may sweetly perfume,
Though grace in the mansion may haughtily bloom,
There luxury prides on the triumphs of art,
And the glitter of fashion eclipses the heart ;
But fair in the field Nature's blossoms are strown,
And sweet in the cottage blooms beauty unknown,
And humble's the cottage where blooms, without stain,
The Flow'r of the Taieri and Pride of the Plain.

You might turn, &c.

Like the full moon's display in the night's sable
height,
'Neath her dark locks her bright face to me; yields
delight,
While soft as the down of the amorous dove,
Her full heaving bosom my heart thrills with love.
As in winter's wild blasts the totara and pine
Protect from their ravage the frail clinging vine,
So with love strong as life I would fondly sustain
The Flow'r of the Taieri and Pride of the Plain.

You might turn, &c.

LIFE IN EARNEST



Why so sorry wilt thou worry,
Constant harping on one string ?
Look before ye, better for ye
Joyously hope's strain's to sing.

Cease your sorrow, smooth that furrow ;
What will all your grieving bring ?
Still hope borrow of the morrow—
From your mind dull fancies fling.

Some their trouble must needs double,
Keeping it upon the brain,
This forgetting—idle fretting
But exasperates the pain.

If brought humble, round you crumble
Fond hearts' hopes ; still ne'ertheless
To cease coping and sit moping
Proves but little manliness.

Do what all should—prove your manhood ;
For the hour resources frame ;
And let no man—friend or foeman—
See your spirit put to shame.

Life's hill climbing—sweat begriming—
Slips and false steps may occur ;

Firmer rooting down your footing,
Each successive step secure.

If when started, one way thwarted,
Trim your courses with the blast ;
Ever daring, ne'er despairing :
Courage makes the port at last.

O'er disaster still prove master,
From reverses taking rules
That may tutor you in future ;
Sure " experience teaches fools."

Be not fruitless, with lore bootless,
Like old books on dusty shelf ;
But discerning this—worth learning—
" God helps him who helps himself."

What though mighty cares benight thee,
Still let not your heart rebel ;
Surely nature's great Creator
Will provide for thee as well.

Then press onward, don't look downward ;
Life for all should have an aim ;
And while wishing, you keep pushing,
Victors' joys you yet may claim.

So when hoary years come o'er ye,
You can say with lightened heart
(Back reviewing life's great doing),
" Thank the Lord, I've done my part."

CAST DOWN, BUT NOT DISHEARTENED

'Twere bootless now, and long to tell
What struggles my strange lot befel,
Yet still without a certain spell,

My days it might have shortened.
Though rudely jostled in the throng,
I've still contrived to rub along
With ev'ry fortune—right or wrong—
Cast down, but not disheartened.

A baffled life's fatiguing race,
That led me many a wild-goose chase,
By crosses smitten in the face,

My spirit may have tartened.
Yet where fond schemes have fallen through,
When for myself I tried to do,
To some fresh plan I buckled-to,
Cast down, but not disheartened.

When slighted love's more bitter scourge
Had made my very life's blood surge,
Till trembling on distraction's verge,

With affection thwartened,
On passion wild I laid the rein,
Till hope and promise smiled again—
Though deeply smarting from the pain,
Cast down, but not disheartened.

What folly sighing for a face,
That time will soon spoil of its grace,
While half its charm—the hair and dress—
 With some conceit up smartened.
Should I be cheap if she is dear ;
Is not a man a woman's peer ?
And with this thought I still took cheer,
 Cast down, but not disheartened.

Though chilled affection nips me keen,
Though low'ring prospects close my scene,
Yet still the earth is fair and green,
 And I have yet a part on't ;
Then, while health braces ev'ry nerve,
From duty's path ne'er may I swerve,
But still some noble purpose serve,
 Cast down, but not disheartened.

And yet though years their courses roll,
With honour for my starry pole,
I may attain a nobler goal,
 And fill some brave department.
Yet though these hopes should still prove void,
I'll hold my own with manly pride,
Though whiles with worldly fears annoyed,
 Cast down, but not disheartened.

DIRGE OF CALABUE.

Now sunny rays gild summer days,
And Nature like a Highland maid,
In mantle sheen of tartan green,
Is seen exquisitely arrayed.

And all around is heard the sound
From varied creatures, varied words ;
The bleating lambs, and answ'ring dams,
The humming bees, and chanting birds.

The trees that bear with blossoms fair
Give signs of treasures soon to bring,
The clover mead with flow'rs bespread,
In all the affluence of Spring.

The yellow broom, the alder bloom,
In ev'ry scene makes gay the view
That to the sight gives such delight,
But dark's the soul of Calabue,

Though sweet's the charm of Nature's form,
Adorned with many a sparkling gem ;
Her mantle fair with colours rare,
Woven throughout without a seam.

But to his eyes what boot such joys,
When sorrow casts its shades profound,
That in its gloom his hopes entomb,
While all is bright and fair around.

The city flow ebbs to and fro,
And all pursue what most attain,
But he, deferred by prospects marred,
Must gnaw the lip in silent pain.

A man forlorn, a mark of scorn
To vulgar hinds and worldlings proud,
With thoughts profound, still unrenowned,
While fools their strains are piping loud.

"Oh for an aim to gild my name."
He sighed, while hope said, "Bide a wee."
But years have flowed and fate black-browed,
Still glooms down from heaven's canopy.

Now summer skies deck Nature's guise,
But drear's his heart with winter's hue,
While heart chords wrung, to breaking strung
Tune wild the dirge of Calabue.

THE SNOW.

[A DIRGE.]

A poor weary pilgrim bewildered I stumble
'Mid desolate regions, where fierce tempests blow,
And mountains and moorlands seem tossed in wild
jumble,
And nature all shrouded with cold drifting snow.

While o'er me the tempest is sullenly brooding,
And round me the moorlands more drearily grow,
They remind me of hopes that were nipt in the
budding,
Till my heart seems as waste as these regions of
snow.

How warmly and bright shone the late summer morn-
ning ;
All nature rejoiced in the mild summer's glow ;
The birds sang with gladness, when, scarce without
warning,
The scene of the landscape was winter and snow.

So bright shone my prospects, while hope stood as
sentry,
The wide world before me seemed void of a foe—
But now glooming round me, as frowning and wintry,
Are friends who regard me with hearts like the snow.

O, chill runs my blood 'mid these mountains so frozen,
But my heart inly bleeds from a deeper felt woe,
For I trusted my breast's dearest thoughts to a bosom
Though soft and as chaste, that is cold as the snow.

Oh, the falsehood of friendship, so chilling and eerie—
The scorning of love with its anguishing throe,
On the heart leaves a feeling more numbing and
dreary
Than all the chill forces of winter and snow.

Oft, oft, with those fancies repining and moody,
While the spring of life's daring heaves lazy and
slow,
I think what would reck if this poor slighted body
Lay shrouded and stiff in a deep wreath of snow.

Yet still with the spring will these bleak moorlands
blossom,
And o'er these hills summer her mantle will throw ;
But when will renewed hope bring joy to his bosom
Who now lonely wanders 'mong cold wastes of
snow.

When time and reflection will wring *her* with sadness
(So wanton and cruel his pride who laid low),
Then his heart, like the landscape, will brighten with
gladness,
When Phoebus his beams sends to scatter the snow.

Ah, yes, the sunshine will return in its glory ;
But his joy with summer no more will outflow.
But lonely he'll go till his locks few and hoary,
' Be chilled with life's frosts like these mountains of
snow.

BETRAYED.

Thus sang a sweet maiden, I've scarce seen her
marrow
So comely was she, while melodiously rang

Her voice in my ear ; but the voice was of sorrow
That my spirit enthralled,—as she plaintively sang.

While her features, whose sweetness might strike the
most careless,
Were chastened and sad as she lilted the strain—
Oh, heigh ! for my fortune sae gloomy and starless,
And, heigh, ho ! for the grief I must bear by my
lane.

'Mang the maids o' Glen Ury, sae lightsome and
buoyant,
Wha was blyther than me in the days that are gane ?
And at ilka gay meeting and social enjoyment,
'Twas little I thocht then o' grievin' alane.

Of a' the fair lassies they ca'd me the flower,
And lovers they socht me fu' many a ane ;
Noo changed are my prospects, wi' nae blink out ower,
While, humbled and dowie, I gae by my lane.

Sae fair was my laddie, sae comely and strapping,
Amang ithers I thocht that his like there was nane,
Wi' whom I could daur ony fate that might happen ;
But, dauring that, noo maks me greet by my lane,

To the wild dream o' passion I madly surrendered ;
But rude was the wauk'ning and bitter the pain.
Instead of endearments and vows fondly tendered,
Are noo but neglect and reproach by my lane.

Ye bonnie wee birdies that chirp in the meadows,
In your guileless loves there is hidden no bane,
That your trusting spirits o' fellowship widows
Till mateless and dowie ye cheep by your lane.

But I, fondly trusting in life's opening morning,
The blame o' a fause love must singly sustain,
And the ban o' my fellows, the jibe and the scorning,
To the end o' the chapter must thole by my lane.

THE PLAIDIE.

(TUNE—"Come under my Plaidie.")

Awa wi' your new-fangled fashions, untidy!
Your Inverness capes I'd no value a straw.
Gie me, for my ain part, a gude Scottish plaidie,
For comfort an' neatness, the pride o' them a'.

Hoo weel a man feels when the winter comes cauldly,
An' the winds frae the hills whistle frosty an' raw;
Wi' its warm faulds aroond him he hauds his course
bauldly,
Tho' black be the tempest, and wild it may blaw.

It minds o' the clansmen, wi' claymores drawn gleam-
ing,
When in battle they meant to gie foemen a fa'.

When wildly the onset the bagpipes were screaming,
They threw, ere they started, their plaidies awa.

When a chieftian appears in his grand Hielan costume,
Wi' sporran an' buckles a' shining sae braw,
Hoo rich e'er his dress be, or hoo much it cost
him ;

If he hasna his plaid on he's no dressed awa.

It sets a man aff, an' it fits him sae neatly,
Tho' plain be his looks, or lank-lantern his jaw ;
And dear lassies whisper ahint him sae sweetly,
" What a braw lookin' laddie ! wha is he awa ? "

It's a richt gracefu' costume, or tartan or plaidin',
And your great-coats an' mantles, it clean dings
them a',

An' never my dress do I tak' sic a pride in,
As when o'er my shouthers my plaidie I ca'.

Hoo usefu' it comes to the kind shepherd laddie,
When he finds a wee lammie half deid in the snaw,
As he taks it up gently and faulds't in his plaidie,
While the puir frichted ewie comes bleatin' awa.

What cloak could ye find tae compare wi' a plaidie,
When the dew's o' the e'en begin saftly tae fa',
As ye stroll in the lanes, wi' your lassie beside ye,
An' the faulds o' your plaidie o'er-reachin' you twa ?

Hoo sweet is the scene, on a calm stilly e'enin',
Frae the lips you lo'e best tae hear lovin' words fa',

While roond your dear lassie, wi' nae thocht o'
sinnin',
The faulds o' your plaidie mair closely ye draw.

It's a heartsome companion in simmer an' winter,
When we gang to the kirk or awa in the snaw ;
An' it's weel worth a ditty tae send tae the printer,
Wi' it's lang hingin' tassels, baith usefu' and braw.

ON TEA.

(TUNE—" *Hills of Glenshee.*")

Poets hae sung o' the worship o' Bacchus,
And sullied their muse with a bacchanal's glee,
But blythely the wings o' my fancy I'll practice
In praise o' the pure herb that grows at Bohea.

Let them sing o' the juice o' the grape they who
mind it,
To a' their grand wines they are welcome for me ;
Mine be the joy wi' no sorrow behind it,
There's nae fear o' headaches wi' drinking o' tea.

Doctors wi' tales o' slow poison may fash us,
They're naething but gowks and just tell a great lee ;
Ae bev'rage sae harmless to soothe and refresh us,
The milk frae the coo is nae mair sae than tea.

My heart wi' sair trouble when sinking and weary
Like a ship in a storm lying hard on its lee ;
To richt me at ance, and mak' me feel cheery,
Just gie me a cup o' weel flavoured tea.

When soldiers in battle are meant to fecht blindly,
They're treated wi' rum till scarce they can see,
For weel the rogues ken, 'twould mak them ower kindly
For butchering ither by gieing them tea.

Hoo much has the picture the thinking to sadden,
A party o' men getting drunk at a spree ;
While the contrast against it tends only to gladden
A quiet social gath'ring o' friends at a tea.

On the one view is only confusion and clamour,
That often winds up in a senseless melee ;
On the other the scene is all good-will and amour,
And bricht festive faces a' beaming wi' glee.

While frae evils that spring frae these wild drunken
revels,
Their vot'ries are seldom or ever let free ;
The mind driven crazy wi' fits o' blue devils,
Till the puir frenzied wretch to destruction wad flee.

But awa frae the view o' this picture o' horrors,
Sweet soother o' feelings we now turn to thee,
Nae sicht here we meet wi' o' conscience-struck terrors
But pleasure and concord associate wi' tea.

That period sae blissfu', believe me, won't happen,
Where men will, "like brethren a'," learn to agree,
Till a'body harks to guid counsel to luppen,
And pass naething o'er their lips stronger than tea.

If the council my wishes wad only consent to,
A' the grog in the land would be hove in the sea.
And the dramshops and shanties converted a' into
Fine Temp'rance hotels, selling cordials and tea.

Altho' to great lear' I mak' no pretension,
Yet naething will force me to budge frae this plea,
That strong drink o' a' kind 's the devil's invention,
But Providence surely meant man to drink tea.

THE BELLE OF THE BALL.

Written on the occasion of a Harvest Home.

When harvest was over, and crops under cover,
And toil for a space had respite from its thrall ;
When gay lads and lassies, in parties and classes,
Oft meet to beguile the long nights with a ball.

For such a gay meeting, to make the scene fitting,
We swept and lit up the old barn for a hall ;
When a gay throng of dancers, in polkas and lancers,
Soon roused the dark night with the sounds of the
ball

Such row they were making, the old barn was shaking,
The rats quaked with fright in their holes 'neath
the wall;

Such romping and joking, such laughter provoking,
Was ne'er before seen in the Gorge at a ball.

The lassies, all blooming, were dressed so becoming,—
E'en now it gives pleasure the scene to recall
Their graceful white dresses and tasteful decked
tresses,—

But Katie, to my taste, was belle of the ball.

Her slim rounded figure, abounding with vigor,
Her manner so sprightly, yet modest withal ;
Her soft swelling bosom—a rose in full blossom—
Ah, me ! she was charming that night at the ball.

But I admit Tiny admirers had many,
Who contended that she had no peer in the hall ;
I own she was graceful, bewitching and tasteful,—
Yet still I hold Katie was belle of the ball.

And then there was Lizzie—a plump strapping hizzie—
Who lacked for admirers by no means at all ;
With figure so comely, and manners so homely,—
But even then Katie was belle of the ball.

There was Maggie so lavish, who sang like a mavis ;
There was Sarah, whose part in the play was not
small,

So lovely and dashing, her eyes with mirth flashing ;
But Katie for all that was belle of the ball.

So lithe and so supple, how handsome the couple
When waltzing with Johnnie, so strapping and tall ;
Though Lizzie looked touching, and Tiny bewitching,
I still contend Katie was belle of the ball.

There were others as pretty, both clever and witty,—
Sweet creatures entirely, with love in them all ;
But you may think me hazy, or moonstruck, or crazy,
I'll still maintain Katie was belle of the ball.

A SKETCH.

(Written on Mr J—— D——, storekeeper.)

There's a remarkable person, who lives at Waiholo,
Who mid the various parts there comes out strong
as a solo ;

Whose ideas of life are so happily chosen,
He has a flow of good spirits would do for a dozen.
O'er each festive meeting and spree on the plain
He presides as a sort of a high chamberlain,
For such is his fame for good humour and spouting,
That no local gath'ring seems perfect without him ;
And such a beau for the ladies, few with him can
cope

At that eloquence called, by the vulgar, soft soap,
Till their soft hearts beguiled by his vowing and
sighing,

He makes each one believe for herself he is dying.
Howe'er they will do when this great man gets married

I'm sure I can't say, but their peace will be harried ;
For how can they ever enjoy a quiet spree,
If wanting the wit of their darling M.C.
I'm sure e'en the prospect's a perfect heart-breaker
Of probably losing this pleasant love-maker,
So dear to their hearts are his ways (it a fact is)—
If only for keeping their flirting in practice.
But greatly as he is the joy of girls' lives,
Just as fully so he is the plague of old wives,
With the wheedling speeches none like him can utter.
To cry up his own goods and beat down their butter.
In gath'ring of news he's as good as the mail,
That, gratis, he deals out wholesale and retail ;
Just take a walk down where this young man resides,
And you'll have all the facts, and a few more besides.
With blue eyes and fair hair, not o'er troubled with
thought,
And who seems with hard work by no means over-
wrought.

A foe to dull care—counts grieving a folly,
And to keep up his motto, looks constantly jolly ;
Or if pressure of bus'ness his brow should hap fur-
row—

Just wants a good snooze, and he's all right to-
morrow.

With good temper easy, with good living mellow,
And, taken all through, not at all a bad fellow ;

So good-natured, good-hearted, short-winded, and
puffy,
I hardly need say, I allude to J—— D——.

COUSIN JANET.

I fain would write a song of praise,
Yet scarcely know how to begin it,
To rightly frame in fitting phrase
The picture of my Cousin Janet.
The portrait's stamped upon my mind,
And I feel great desire to sketch it,
Yet with its varied points combined,
I find it difficult to etch it.

To say that on the smallest form
She's modelled out, and passing pretty,
And that her heart is kind and warm
Might well at once sum up my ditty ;
Yet in her traits combine so much,
That though I labour hard, I cannot,
With here a tint, and there a touch,
Do justice to my Cousin Janet.

While in her grace and method meet—
A slim, but fully-rounded body ;
A dress at all times wondrous neat,

Where you'll see nothing flash or shoddy.
A hand so lady-like and neat,
Yet with untiring zeal, so thrifty,
That with it in work to compete
You scarcely would find one in fifty.

In all the qualities that make
A good housewife—a perfect model ;
That she is not, for someone's sake,
A housewife yet, seems quite a riddle.
Yet though so many have essayed
The subtle task, some how or other,
As yet, all have failed to persuade
Her to love one more than her mother.

'Mid festive pleasure's noisy glare,
Where forms are guaged on nice precedent,
To seek for Cousin Janet there,
I tell you plainly that you needn't.
But in the inner life of home,
With careful dilligence, each minute
Employed in doing good for some,
You're sure to find there Cousin Janet.

While but the dance, the fête, the game,
So natural to youth and beauty,
Of other maidens form the aim,
All Janet's pleasure is her duty.
A kind, reserved, and earnest girl,
Her quiet sphere, with pains infinite,
Fulfiling, 'mid this world's wild whirl,
Are the chief marks of Cousin Janet.

ON TWO SISTERS.

Composed while engaged sod-fencing.

While all the graces of the rose
The gentle Cath'rine sweetly shows,
Helen beside, refined and pale,
Droops like a lily in the vale ;
But deep in Helen's pensive eyes
A far and fond expression lies,
As one who gives her fancy wings
Beyond the range of present things,
Who too unequal for the strife—
The ruthless cares of active life—
Still feels a charm her mind expand
In dreamy muse of fairy land.

The pleased view meets a nameless charm
In Cath'rine's slim but rounded form,
Where vig'rous health and sprightly ways
Are there combined with gentle grace,
In whose untiring zeal we see
An active image of the bee
Which from every flow'r she meets
Can find supplies and gather sweets,
So with her wond'rous pow'r to please
The hardest lot she'd charm at ease,
Whose love (of life's ills making light)
Would make the humblest fireside bright,

And with her gentle winning smile
The task-worn swain from care beguile.

But Helen, modelled more severe,
Seems fitted for a higher sphere.
In her the calm majestic grace
Of station born seems in its place,
That, dower'd with fortune's equal boon
Could well adorn the gay saloon ;
And still beyond the cold constraint
That ruder minds is seen to taint
Her well-bred manners but express
The softest touch of gentleness.

Both in the order of their spheres,
May joy attend the gentle dears,
So richly dow'ed some hearts to bless
Who in their love might well possess
The sum of earthly happiness.

This humble meed to virtue due
From one who feels its charms in you,
Dear lassies, take his offering made,
Who with your smiles is well repaid ;
Who rude and worn and iron shod
Now hardly toils to turn the sod,
Yet whose fond breast ambition wrings
With yearning thoughts of better things.
And though unpolished, in his soul
The floods of pure emotions roll,
Whose eye, to nature's beauties true,
No charm more pleased delights to view

Than the soft lines he loves to trace
Of woman's form, and maiden's grace.

ELEGY *

Oh, ways of fate, how hard to reckon,
That she in death soon made to sicken
Amid her bloom so sudden stricken,
Like blossom cast
From life's fair tree, untimely shaken
By death's rude blast.

Still fancy sees distinctly looming,
O'er a few years that form becoming
So sprightly ringletted and blooming.
How hard to gather
That, in the darksome tomb consuming,
These charms now wither.

Her gentle life was bright and loving,
Unmarred by fretting and reproving ;
Her earnest heart but this behoving,
With love to light
The home from which her swift removing
Leaves dark as night.

*Catherine of the foregoing.

With ways so gentle and endearing,
So loving, diligent, and caring,
Apart from pride with steps unerring,
 Her woman's sphere
She humbly trod with kindly bearing
 And modest fear.

Could death among the mean and sordid
Not find enough to have afforded
The good and beautiful accorded
 Her life of love,
That her sweet lambs (her treasures hoarded)
 For years might prove.

How little deemed we then, when lightly
The jest and repartee passed brightly,
How swift we neared that river nightly,
 When from life's shore
The phantom barge of death would freight thee
 For evermore.

Then rest in peace, thou gentle sleeper,
For whom bewails now many a weeper
The action of the ruthless reaper
 That laid thee low.
Who to the care of Israel's keeper
 Commit thee now.

And one of these times never mindless,
When by thee always met in kindness,

And whose rude traits, in friendly blindness,
Unmarked severe,
This humble meed of love's unfeignedness
Lays on thy bier.

THE SOCIAL GLASS.

Than Willie Howe a finer youth
The bread of life ne'er broke,
His form displayed the robust growth
Of a young sapling oak.
The dawning of the future man
Was cloudless, but alas !
He ruined all when he began
To taste the social glass.
Oh, the social glass, the social glass,
What havoc has it made :
As many a hapless youth has proved,
Whose soul it has betrayed.

A favourite where'er he went,
With manners frank and free,
He, with no thought of ill intent,
Loved scenes of festive glee.
He was the life of social spree,
And sports upon the grass ;
Until he came just by degrees

To love the social glass.
Oh, the social glass, the social glass,
How fatal is its snare,
How many a life begun with it
Has ended in despair.

In getting drunk once in a way
At first he deemed no sin ;
But habit soon began to prey,
A fire to burn within.
He kept the bottle on the shelf,
Until it came to pass
Poor Willie scarcely felt himself
Without his social glass.
Oh, the social glass, the social glass,
What ills from it proceed,
And they who love its burning draught,
Will come but sorry speed.

His bus'ness soon fell to neglect,
And his own moral tone
Lost ev'ry sense of self-respect,
A slave to liquor grown.
The bar was now his chief resort,
With a low drunken class,
And aye when sorrow weighed his heart
He sought the social glass.
Oh, the social glass, the social glass,
How dreadful is its curse,
Sure the man who sets his heart on it,
Must go from bad to worse.

Now Willie Howe, once manhood's pride,
A human wreck appears,
His haggard face with passion's tide
Seems worn by twenty years.
Delirium often makes him rave ;
And soon the rank green grass
Will wave above his early grave—*
Woe fall the social glass.
Oh, the social glass, the social glass,
Of all man's plagues none worse,
If on this earth such draught was sent,
'Twas surely as a curse.

Dear youths with hopes now brightly buoyed,
O'er this sad picture pause,
And if this fate ye would avoid,
Then shun the dreadful cause.
And lest this might your peace trepan,
Take heed each gentle lass,
Ne'er trust your heart unto the man
Who loves the social glass.
Oh, the social glass, the social glass ;
The weary social glass,
How many a blighted heart and home,
Have rued the social glass.

*And over his grave, alas ! the grass has waved now these many years, for the subject of these verses—though the progressive stages of drunkenness, at the time they were written, was rather anticipated—was no mere fancy sketch.

THE MUSE.

They asked me to forsake the muse—

My worldly friends with lips up-curved—
To study things of instant use,
That might advance me in the world.

But how could I that friend forsake
That unto me so closely clung,
And through a troubled life's mistake
A halo o'er my spirit flung.

That from the outset of life's morn,
Through length'ning years and less'ning friends,
While gay day prospects drooped forlorn
With secret joys made rich amends.

When 'neath the swagman's weary load,
Amid Australian deserts far,
Or Zealand's rugged hills I trod,
Impelled by fate's malignant star :

In many a distant backwood wild,
Where strangers proved more kind than kin,
My close companion, still it wiled
My way with scenes I revelled in.

In the heroic days of yore
It showed the patriot's sacred flame ;

Or Forum's fervid orator
Against oppression's lust declaim.

Or with electric transport shook
My soul with some sweet minstrel lays,
Whose joys to reproduce awoke
My own first lab'ring crude essays.

Till in my charmed abstracted view
Another world with forms ideal
Thus opened up ; its pleasures drew
Me from the hard facts of the real.

Amid the worldly throng unknown,
Who scornfully my gifts esteemed,
The muse's countenance alone
My name from obloquy redeemed.

While churls in place o'er him are thrust,
Their short world's wisdom chiefly prized,
In life's low ruts allowed to rust,
The friendless bard is left despised.

Yet I would still prefer to choose,
If by my choice it was decreed,
My portion with the gentle muse
Than share the worldling's lust and greed.

While poesy upon me smiles,
Though deemed a dunce where worldlings rule
What boots to me their shallow wiles
If honoured in a higher school.

While no thought o'er their money schemes
Can e'er their narrowed minds exceed,
By it inspired, on grander themes
My mind can oft in rapture feed.

And with these minds, whose meteor guise
'Mid a dazed world erratic shone,
I can in spirit sympathise
By instincts kindred to their own.

Or with delighted eyes explore
The charms of Nature's changing face,
Or glow in homage 'neath the pow'r
Of beauty's ever pleasing grace.

Or wand'ring forth at stilly eve,
When others droop with cares distraught,
Experience oft my bosom heave
With a sweet vein of gushing thought.

But these no sordid worldlings fire,
Who for more solid pleasures burn ;
Tuneless to them the poet's lyre,
And vain the charms of memory's urn.

But with the muse, to me not loath,
Although imperfect, wild and crude,
Its sweet creations still will clothe
A life of all adornment nude.

And then, perchance, it may be writ
When I go hence, or said of me,—
“ A man of little worldly wit,
And loose regard for L S. D.

Yet still his bosom fondly woke
Before affection's kindly flame,
And, though chased by misfortune's stroke,
Was swift to yield to pity's claim.

But lcosed from impecunious pain
He with the rich now fully shares.
Of mother earth, yet still remain
His thoughts behind :—But where are theirs ?”

IN COMMEMORATION OF JOHN RODGER.

(A man beloved by all who knew him, who lost his life
through a gun accident).

Once again at ev'ry portal
Rings the thunder clap of doom.
Warning each how frail is mortal ;
In mid-life how near the tomb.

Once again—oh, bitter trial—
That by such untimely end
Smote the gallant and the loyal—
To each one around the friend.

And these traits of manner stirring,
Breathing life so late before,
In the tomb—by fate unerring—
Now are hid for evermore.

Yet I'll not forget him, heartless,
Though now vanished from this scene,
Nor his name let sink in darkness,
Now the sod o'er him grows green.

Still, amid my bitter grieving,
All these traits of heart and aim
That endeared his name while living,
'Mong the living I'll proclaim.

Fain in words that would not perish
(A love-task his worth bequeathed),
I would his loved mem'ry cherish,
Than whom not a truer breathed.

Aye, albeit homely fashioned,
Yet within that body's span
Rung, in all his tones impassioned,
The true metal of a man.

Stamped upon that brow intrepid,
That no fear of man could move ;
In that eye that flashed so rapid,
Yet so soft could glow with love,

Was no tone or look uncertain
Of the soul within that glowed,
Where, enshrined with ev'ry fortune,
Spotless honour found abode.

His the spirit truly gracious,
Always lavish, e'en to blame,
Yet would give unostentatious
When he marked the needy's claim.

All who knew him—frank and fearless,
Bright with humour's social gleam ;
Of mere worldly measures careless--
Still saw something to esteem.

I, who in more near approaches,*
Oft beneath that careless mien,
Caught views of the deeper touches
Of the heart that beat within ;

Saw thereon such worth engravéd,
That my spirit to the man
Fondly clave, as unto David
Clave the soul of Jonathan.

Oft my humble muse he rated
With a friend's too partial praise ;
Little deemed we then 'twas fated
Soon to sing these funeral lays.

* An idea similar to that in this verse I recollect seeing in the "Earl of Surrey's Lament on Sir Thomas Wyatt," of which I now but remember such words—"But I, who knew the virtue rare that nurtured in that breast."

* * * *

The blue mountains steep as plummets
Rise abruptly from the plain,
And beneath their rugged summits
Toiled the threshers at the grain.

Saw no eye that white smoke curling,
Heard no ear that faint report,
That a body to earth hurling,
Sent a spirit to God's court.

Shall we venture, through ills fancied,
Of God's judgments to complain ;
Or presume with sorrows frenzied,
The Almighty to arraign,

In permitting to be smitten
That brave heart by such a doom,
Whose detail must be unwritten
Till the trumpet rends the tomb.

* * * *

On the plain the chase sounds cheery,
And the hunter's whistle clear,
But around still runs the query—
“ Why is not John Rodger here ? ”

He a sportsman keen and ready,
Well acquainted with the grounds ;
Who like him could aim so steady ?
Who like him could slip the hounds ?

Little deemed, one vainly counting
Why he tarried from the chase,
That above him up the mountain
Lay his brother on the face.

High above yon terrace woody,
Where might reach the hunting sounds,
Lay his body, cold and bloody,
Guarded by his trusty hounds.

While his dearest friends unthinking
On their beds of comfort tossed,
These dumb sentinels unwinking
Round him kept their faithful post.

Day by day, with zeal unslackened,
They kept their devoted charge ;
Weary nights, oft haply wakened,
As they howled a mournful dirge.

* * * * *

But is this that friend, that brother
Who so lately smiled and spoke ?—
Hush, dear Muse, and draw the cover,
Let these strong emotions choke.

Down the rugged spur we bore him,
Faces from which smiles had fled,
Fondly each one at the burden
Toiled in honour of the dead.

Sadly moves the long procession,
Like a dark stream winding slow.

Take, O earth, now thy possession !
Sprung from thee to thee we go.

The world, to the living clannish,
With its rude remorseless stir
Will soon from its mem'ry banish
The lone grave's inhabiter.

But if thou my friend warm-tinted,
Or these traits that my heart raised,
Now upon its tablets printed
Be thence hurriedly erased ;

Then 'mong strangers rudely buried,
With no sympathising grief,
May my sepulture be hurried
As but a mere worldly waif.

Quiet rest, then, gallant spirit,
To me grievous was thy doom ;
Yet be it my bitter merit
To learn wisdom at thy tomb.

With a chastened spirit lowly,
Moved by life's uncertain span,
In the path of duties holy
Live an earnest faithful man.

So the use of this great sorrow,—
For thee laid in manhood's pride,
Like a flow'r beneath the furrow,—
May for me be sanctified.

IN MEMORIAM.

[The late Mr. James Ritchie, of Terrace Range Station, died suddenly on the 20th August, 1873, whilst riding on horse-back along the Lower Waipori Road. His death resulted from heart disease.]

Wild gloomed the sky on that rude August morn,
The moaning blasts in fitful murmurs blew ;
While in the east the clouds looked red and torn,
And nature wore a dark presaging hue.
When to the orient red I turned my view
An airy phantom made my life-blood start,
As overhead on sable wings he flew,
While in his hand he held a crimson dart
Still reeking with the life-blood of some victim's
heart.

'Twas death's dark angel—well my pulse might
droop—
Who here, but late was worsted in affray,
When for a victim he made vengeful swoop,
But, baffled in his aim, then soared away.*
Now, like a hawk defrauded of his prey,
'Mid evening's shades, when no one thought him
near,
By yon lone road again concealed he lay,
Till guileless Ritchie rode by without fear,
And then with surer aim he launched his dreadful
spear.

*A Mr Cumine met with an accident close to where Mr Ritchie's body was found.

His work made sure, with the departing night
The demon spread his wings upon the blast.
O'er Milton town he hovered in his flight,*
And o'er the place his baneful shadow cast ;
And watching the dread spectre as he passed,
Men met in groups, and whispered in each ear,
The young men shook, their elders looked aghast.
The blooming maiden paled and shed a tear,
And aged matrons moaned, and bowed their heads in
fear.

Oh, cruel blow that smote him in his prime,
And laid in death the frank and manly low,
While yet the hill of life seemed long to climb,
And health and hope smiled on his open brow—
Ah ! cold and fixed and white as marble now ;
And stiff those limbs, but late so lithe and strong,
And quenched the flame of that kind bosom's glow
Where dwelt no thought that would another
wrong,
But courtesy that him endeared to old and young.

Ah ! many a loving heart this tale will rend
With heavy sighs and tearful sobbings loud ;
His parents too—how will they learn his end ?
With sorrow mute and heads in anguish bowed.
Peace to his dust now mould'ring in the shroud.
Though youthful errors dimmed the common clay,
Yet these with him were but the morning cloud,
Maturer manhood's light would drive away
And leave in shining splendour his meridian day.

* Mr Langley, hotelkeeper, died suddenly the day after Mr Ritchie's death.

THE WONDROUS POWER OF SCOTTISH SONG.

(Rehearsed at a benefit Scotch concert.)

The wondrous pow'r of Scottish song !—what solace-
ment it brings,
As from the press of worldly cares the soul it swiftly
wings
To brighter scenes of artless loves, 'mid daisy-mottled
braes,
And all the hallowed treasures of boyhood's happy
days !
Moved by its pathos wild, no more men creeds
opposing know,
But in their hearts enlarged the tide of kindred
feelings flow ;
The worldling in pursuit of wealth, his thoughts his
bonds among,
His heart is even softened by the pow'r of Scottish
song.

Soft on the spirit falls the spell of Tannahill's sweet
lays,
Whose tender muse o'er gross desires the feeling
tends to raise,
That sang the loves of artless maids ; while from
Tweed's winding stream
The Ettrick Shepherd's thrilling notes re-echoed the
high theme :

Till lifted up to higher views by this inspiring aid
The laborer forgets his toil, the artisan his trade,
And in spirit feel themselves no more a vulgar
 throng,
But Nature's noblemen, beneath the pow'r of Scottish
 song.

Or in gallant unison the bosom proudly swells,
As the patriotic lay some deeds heroic tells,
When through the cloudy years again the Highland
 claymores gleam,
And Lowland squares of serried spears the tide of
 battle stem ;
When hostile hosts would fain have stamped out
 Scotia's life and name :
Yet 'mid the nights of thick'ning gloom still brighter
 shone her fame.
Thus feelings stirred up from their depths, tumultu-
 ously along
Are borne in flood-tide by the wondrous pow'r of
 Scottish song.

Now one bond cements the tribes of Britain's kindred
 Isles
Which freedom long has proudly claimed as her own
 favourite soils ;
Alike in mind, in truth alike, alike in valor true,
As from their veins like flowed the streams that
 reddened Waterloo.
And well a Scot may proudly say, while boasting of
 his own :

Thou son of Erin, Saxon thou, in spirit we are one ;
Though old feuds once parted us, in common now
belong
All the rich fund of sympathies awoke by Scottish
Song.

'Twas from our midst that through the world the
meteor mind of Burns
Shed these bright rays so fondly prized where Free-
dom still sojourns.
A thorough Briton at his core, what mattered it the
while
In which corner he was born of either British Isle.
Though fondly he clung to his own, his spirit far out-
ran
Its narrow limits for the broader fellowship of man.
But as the medium through which his thoughts
rushed wild and strong,
This gives a double pathos to the pow'r of Scottish
song

A nation's crown of glory is her own immortal bards,
Then fondly may we cherish ours, whose deeply
thrilling words
Can make us rise o'er selfish care to do our fellow
good,
And in earth's tribes discern a universal brother-
hood.
Then let us hope while the warm blood flows quicker
through our veins,

While list'ning to these singers sweet chime Scotia's
plaintive strains,
That yet in truth's cause native bards through ages
may prolong
An equal feeling of the pow'r woke by New Zea-
land song.

SCOTLAND VICTORIOUS.*

Dear Scotland thy glory
Shines bright and unclouded
Till the far-reaching story
In myst'ry is shrouded ;
Yet as light strikes the pages
The record still glorious
Shows the Scots in all ages
Contending victorious.

When Rome armed for conquest
Her invincible legions,
Whose valour encompassed
The world's furthest regions,
Still braving them single,
When bowed the world pow'rless,
The war shout of Fingal
Rung in Morven victorious.

*Suggested from reading in some little book, whose name I now forget, descriptive of the Romans, that the Caledonians were still resisting them.

When the Vikings of Scandia
Spread the flag of the raven,
And in Gaul and in Anglia
Carried death to each haven ;
At Largs and Loncarty
So bloody yet glorious,
Their clean-routed party
Showed Scotland victorious.

When Normandy's chivalry
The Saxons had vanquished,
And brooking no rivalry
For Scotland next languished,
Still foiled their endeavour,
Returning inglorious,
The scene showed as ever
Old Scotland victorious.

When the Southern aspirant
To total dominion,
With the soul of a tyrant
Sought a free race to pinion ;
Till their country's redressors
Rose like lions to aid her,
Slew the haughty oppressors
And chased back the invader.

O ! my muse, in proud chorus !
Sing the ever dear story :
When o'erthrown was the war horse
And the Bannock ran gory.

O ! proud battle of vengeance,
'Mongst a thousand notorious,
That sealed th' independence
Of Scotland victorious.

In Scotland's dark humbling,
When undone was her cov'nant,
And the " deep cup of trembling "
Was drank by a remnant
Who, 'mong wilds unfrequented,
Like a hawk-hunted pigeon,
Were chased and tormented
For their dear religion :

Nor the cause they contested
They betrayed by denial,
Though their constancy tested
In that furnace trial ;
Till o'er edicts unrighteous
And measures censorious
Their stern sense of right arose
In the long end victorious.

Waterloo and Quatre Bras
Showed the fire did not smoulder,
When the " Greys " and the " Ninety-twa "
Battled shoulder to shou'lder,
Mid blood like a river,
Their anthem rang glorious,
As, " Scotland for ever !"
They shouted victorious.

Now to dust long has crumbled
The world's ruthless plunderer,
And in obscurity humbled
The race of the Thunderer.*
But Scotland's name growing
Like a grand winding river
That expands with its flowing,
Is greater than ever.

For why—with her quartered
Is her once potent foeman,
With Erin too parterred
In one common cognomen.
Now for no foes affrighted
Though crowing vain-glorious,
Britannia united
Will still be victorious.

OTAGO AND SCOTLAND.

Otago's mountains, brown and bare,
With Scotland's hills may well compare;
Like hers, the same keen atmosphere
That health imparts,
Assists a hardy race to rear
Of loyal hearts.

*From Thor, the Scandinavian God of Thunder.

Otago's rivers, deep and wide,
In silent flow or swollen pride,
Their tributes to the swelling tide
 Incessant pour,
As grand as Yarrow, Tweed, and Clyde
 Of classic lore.

But tuneless all her rivers sweep
In devious courses to the deep :
O'er shining sands sweet streamlets creep
 As yet unsung.
No bards by their lone banks, to weep,
 Their harps have hung.

And where are those romantic glens,
So oft the theme of poets' pens ?
The ruined holds, the robber dens
 With dread so fraught ;
The battle mounds 'mong moorland fens,
 Where heroes fought.

Ah ! Scotland, 'mid thy mist of years
Thy shadowy grandeur far appears,
What halo story round thee rears
 Of classic ground ;
Where stirring deeds and high careers
 Each scene renowned.

A minstrel's song this stream endears ;
A warrior's deed that mound reveres ;

Yon hermitage the rustic fears,
 For ghostly tale
Tells how a lover died in tears
 Within its pale.

Bright shine her happy minstrel lot—
Burns, Ramsay, Fergusson and Scott,
The Ettrick Shepherd's happy note
 On his green hill—
And he, obscured by one dark blot—
 Poor Tannahill.

(The gowans wet wi' summer's dew,
The mavis sang, the cushats coo,
The lav'rock chanting in the blue
 Her matins shrill,
Do not to nature speak more true
 Than Tannahill.)

Will time e'er dim these names of light,
Bruce, Randolph, Douglas, Wallace wight ?
Men who "waxed valiant" in the fight,
 With purpose grand,
And put the alien hosts to flight
 Who spoiled their land.

How shocking now in view appears
Those dreadful days of swords and spears,
When all that manhood most reveres—
 Blest freedom's light—
Was then with blood and mortal fears
 A dear bought right.

Those acts of our heroic sires
In us this kindling thought inspires,
When truth oppressed our aid requires—
As they up stood,
So should we guard its sacred fires,
Ee'n with our blood.

Otago's mountains high and cold
No legions twine with deeds of old ;
No errant knights, and barons bold,
Their names here carved—
That manor hall, or ruined hold,
Have still preserved.

But in her lap, though rude she stands.
Is hid the wealth of golden sands,
And ready homes for toiling hands
Her plains afford,
Unchequered by the cruel bands
Brought by the sword.

And O, Otago, on these terms,
Ne'er may romance add to thy charms ;
May still thy arts, thy mines, thy farms,
Thy fame increase ;
And shining thro' thy native storms
The star of peace.



SUNSET.

On thy bright course remain
Oh sun of glory yet,
Amid thy crimson train
Awhile refrain to set ;
Lest in thy footsteps threat
The wind, the snow, the rain,
And we in dolour fret,
Ere thou art seen again.

While here we yet remain,
Oh, leave us not in gloom,
Nor reach that dark domain,
Thy beams can not illume ;
Though there no more consume
The care, the grief, the pain,
For in the cold, dark tomb
Peace holds unbroken reign.

Oh, why is it man pars
Not with thy gladsome beam,
Instead of cruel wars,
In goodwill and esteem ;
But seen to earth's extreme,
The shocks, the feuds, the jars,
As though her natal scheme
Had been forecast in Mars.

Why is it 'neath thy reign
Throughout this planet's bound,
The trace of Eden's stain
In all its coasts is found ;
And strewing vi'lence round,
The lust, the greed, the gain,
Attest the sin-cursed ground
With creatures dumb in pain.

Oh, suns of childhood bright
That o'er its joys did burn,
Oh, sorrow-stricken wight
To whom but cares return ;
By a rude world o'erborne,
The sneer, the scorn, the slight ;
While retrospect forlorn
The future makes affright.

Oh thou whom death did'st wound,
Life's bright and morning star,
Wilt thou to realms beyond
Yon sun of glory far
Lead me, where ne'er shall mar,
The sob, the pang, the bond,
And feuds no more will jar
That endless union foud.



ALONE ON THE MOUNTAINS.

I'm alone on the mountains, and wolves are about ;
'Mid darkness and danger I wander in doubt,
While I wistfully gaze on the plain far below,
Where the lights like love beacons from warm hearth-
sides glow.

O, kindly love beacons, for others that shine,
How blissful their portions ! how dismal is mine !
All the lone dreary night on the cold dismal hill,
Till my bones with the night blast are stricken with
chill.

I'm alone on the mountains, unarmed, and a prey
To the fierce wolves that raven and howl round my
way,

While I wearily struggle a shelter to gain ;
But my steps are misspent, and my toil all in vain.
The bleak world around me, like some barren shore,
Grows in wild desolation the more I explore,
Till I shudder with dread, as I stumble and fall,
Lest the night's gloomy shades prove my funeral pall.

I'm alone on the mountains, and as the hours wear
The blast grows more keenly, the darkness more
drear,

And the planet of hope that shone bright o'er my
goal
Is obscured by the thick clouds that darken my
soul.

O, when will the shades flee, and when the dawn
 come,
With the beams of the day-star to lighten me home?
When I'll rest from my sorrows both heavy and sore,
O'er mountains of darkness to stumble no more.

WINTER.

The Winter's blasts begin to blow ;
The mountain tops are white with snow ;
Round Maungatua's rugged brow
The west wind whistles eerily.

Wild raves the piercing wintry blast,
The gloomy clouds are gath'ring fast ;
Chill blinding show'rs come sweeping past,
And nature sighs most drearily.

Across the bleak unsheltered plain
The howling tempest bursts amain,
Where shiv'ring beast and houseless swain
Shrink from its wild inclemency.

Unkind their lot who forced to roam,
Whom want of toil denies a home,
Must face the bitter blasts that come
With unabating veh'mency.

The driving sleet and bitter hail

The friendless wayfarer assail,
Until with cold benumbed and pale
He struggles forward wearily.

A solemn tremor moves my soul
To hear the midnight tempest roll ;
Whose bellowing gusts can scarce control
The building shudd'ring fearfully.

I hear the ocean's solemn roar,
As breaking on the distant shore
Its storm-tossed billows ceaseless pour
Their fury wild and foamingly.

Beneath a black and frowning sky
A wintry prospect meets the eye ;
The misty hills loom dark and high,
Where storm-clouds gather gloomily.

WALLACE, KNOX, AND SCOTT.

(Composed in honour of the Scott Centenary).

When o'er the free-born spirits of the North
The Southern tyrant stretched his ruthless sway,
And sent his trained marauders licensed forth
On manhood's holiest rights to spoil and prey ;
Then sudden barring the destroyer's way,
The mighty Wallace drew his flaming sword,

And led the van for freedom's sacred ray,
'Till in her cause his brave heart's blood he poured,
And left a name for liberty adored.

When rav'ning wolves preyed on the Christian flocks,
And minds of men with bigots' chains were bound,
Then for the crisis rose the fearless Knox,
And loud alarms his gospel trumpet wound.
Then sudden wak'ning at the glorious sound
Rose lowland citizen and highland clan,
Till in the great work of reform around,
Their country soon was seen far in the van,
Whose truest grandeur from that time began.

Yet still, though hitherto triumphant borne
O'er ev'ry ill against her peace arrayed—
The bigot's wrath the brutal tyrant's scorn—
Old Scotia's genius remained in shade,
Beneath a mist of ignorance o'erlaid ;
Suspicious prejudice, with cankered leer,
Her inner life in slighting tints pourtrayed,
Whose poverty, with its conditions drear,
Moved Churchill's scoff and learned Johnson's sneer.

His brief career the "mighty peasant ran,"*
Whose dazzling genius like a meteor burned ;
His was the end to elevate the man,
For whose own worth the castes of rank he spurned ;
Yet still the tide of prejudice unturned,

* Burns.

His country slurred—though forced to own her
worth—

'Till raised to chase these friendless thoughts unearned
The brilliant mind of Scott illumed the North—
That like the sun at once lights up and warms the
earth.

Instant his touch, as by a magic wand
Dispelled the mist, and as the curtain rose
The ravished eyes viewed an enchanted land,
With woods and lochs and rivers studded close ;
Here Katrine's bosom dimples in repose,
There tow'rs Benledi with her slopes of green,
And wild romantic glens the views compose,
With purple hills and yellow plains between,
And rays of sunshine gladdening ev'ry scene.

And with the chequered landscape brought to view,
The kilted clansmen—men of martial breath,
Stern as the rocks, with hearts like steel, as true,
And costumes tinted as their native heath—
Who richly earned the noble laurel wreath
Their valour won in battle-fields renowned.
When hostile hosts, who braved their shock of death,
The Highland charge, like chaff swept from the
ground,
'Mid slogan yells and bagpipes' maddening sound.

He leads us on, and as we thread the gorge
The landscape swells with hills more rudely piled ;
The waterfall around is heard to surge

Through savage glens hemmed in by mountains wild.
In scenes like these a soldier force beguiled,
Who braved Macgregor on his native heath,
Saw o'er their heads his clan in arms defiled,
Whence their fierce chieftainness, with brow of death,
Hurled all their fury on the foe beneath.

Again the scene shifts to the inch of Perth,
Where rival clans to combat dire have come ;
Their wild onslaught—like beings scarce of earth—
The dreadful scene his wondrous pen brings home ;
When like a lion lashed to maddened foam,
Old Torquill's slogan thundered o'er the fray,
As charging on he met the stern Gow Chrom,
When by the dauntless smith he cloven lay,
While Heetor shuddering, sprang into the Tay.

The great magician's lantern bates our breath
With courtly scenes and proud historic names ;
Our bosoms glow, as 'wilderer on the heath,
We see the Knight of Snowdon, James Fitzjames,
That true knight-errant, truant of the dames,
Our plaudits claims, as by dark Benvenue
In deadly feud, his skilful falchion flames
In single combat with fierce Roderick Dhu,
That chief's wild charge amid death's pallid hue.

Our captive souls his pen leads spell-bound on
Through Flodden's field, where o'er the battle clang
Rose the last words of dying Marmion,

While war-cries pealed and arms contending rang ;
And "arrows leaping from their bowstrings sang,"
On Scotland's phalanx show'ring thickly fell,
As to the gaps of that undaunted gang
Came others leaping with defiant yell,
Who Scotland's fame that day bore gallantly and well

And now o'er earth's domain from pole to pole,
In lordly dome, or humble peasant cot,
What one is he, unto whose inmost soul
The name is nothing of Sir Walter Scott ?
He's but a heathen coof that man I wot,
Unto whose ears such tidings have not blown—
Obscure his name and pitiable his lot,
Some habiter of far unkindly zone,
Where light is dim and freedom's name unknown.

Unto the chief of that devoted band
Who watched and watered freedom's sacred tree,
'Till it grew great and flourished in the land ;
Let incense rise to Scotland's greatest three,
Who each one in his several degree
To that great work his part has nobly done,
That paralysed dark tyranny's decree ;
'Till 'mong the nations Scotland stands alone
For light, for thought, for freedom widely known.

To him who braved the bloody tyrant's pow'r,
And severed with one mighty blow his link ;
To him, who in the raging bigot's hour,
Though often tottering on destruction's brink,

Yet dared to teach a patriot race to think
To him whose genius raised his country's tone,
O'er that reproach that long caused it to stink ;
Who gave the polish to the chiselled stone,
'Till every feature was distinctly shown.

As flee the mists from summer morning's rays,
So the great wizard's brilliant mind, away
From Britain's soil, chased prejudice's haze,
Until her sons—before in war's array,—
Now learned of each to think a nobler way,
And meet like brothers, each esteemed the same,
Until we find in our enlightened day
The borders—scenes of ancient bloody fame—
And social barriers, but now exist in name.

A century now its course begins to toll,
Since that great light first dawned upon this earth ;
And as its echoes spread from pole to pole
The day is hailed with jubilee and mirth.
And well the land that gave that genius birth
With just pride may extol her happy lot—
Cradle of valour, nursery of worth—
And 'mong her roll of great names unforget,
As her crown's brightest gem boast of Sir Walter
Scott.



THOMAS CARLYLE.

To the grim king another has succumbed,—
Carlyle is dead, the wire brings o'er the deep,
And 'mong the myriads each year entombed,
Say who is he, that men for him should weep ?

Wot ye not that a great man and a prince,
Who ruled supremely o'er the realm of mind,
Whose noble life was spent in truth's defence,
In him is now unto the dust consigned.

As some brave warrior, in some fight in life,
By foes environed in a noble cause,
With head and shoulders tow'ring o'er the strife,
Excites attention and extorts applause.

So this man's conduct in the moral war,
Still combating with wrongs and social faults,
His name and genius soon were spread afar,
As bowed each system 'neath his strong assaults.

Gainst the worn dogmas of subjective cant,
All the artillery of his wild wit flashed,
And windy forms of sophistry and rant
His pond'rous strokes into small fragments smashed.

'Mong rival themes his penetrating ken
Gave each their measures as their rights behoved ;
His fiat gave their true degrees to men,
Nor deemed the world but such as he approved.

Yet ne'er his scorn his sense of right outran ;
With his humanity so true and large,
He of the earnest, thinking, acting man,
Whate'er his creed, made his especial charge.

'Twas his brave work, when lesser men forebore,
That to the world appraised his genius rare
Who made melodious " Ayr's pebbled shore,"
Yet sank a prey to darkness and despair.

The mighty Cromwell, and the deathless Knox,
Who in their lands the rights of men secured,
Their features, firm as adamantine rocks,
Erewhile by clouds of obloquy obscured,

Unto the wond'ring world are now unveiled,
Above the sceptic's puling sneer removed :
In these are now triumphantly beheld
The grand fruits of a great man's labours loved,

Who spurned the languid cares of venal strife,
But arduous manly work apotheosised,
As panacea for the ills of life,
Whose worth he gauged by what its years comprised.

Should one take grief to see the yellow corn,
Dead ripe for food, and fruitful seed cut down ;
When the rich grains, if further left unshorn,
Would by the winds in useless waste be strown ?

Then need we make pretension to deplore
His final end, who having served his race,
With his ripe mind, ere was eclipsed its pow'r
By dotting years, went quietly to his place.

Like some grim warrior rested from his war
He seems in thought, with his broad pennon furled,
His burning genius shining like a star,
Not of one land or state, but of the world.

ELEGY ON LORD CLYDE.

Now the storm has ceased to rate,
And the howling hurricane,
And the vessel of the state
Is riding safe again.

But when breakers on each bow
Threatened all to overwhelm,
Where is the pilot now
Who then stood by the helm ?

Till the storm had died away,
With the roaring of the gale :

And safe anchored in the bay
They brailed her shattered sail.

Lowly lying in the tomb,
He now rests in honoured state
Beneath Britain's proudest dome,
Where he slumbers with the great.

And by Abercrombie's side,
And Moore's immortal name,
There's an honoured niche for Clyde
'Neath the lofty dome of fame.

His was a life of arms,
Like the iron race of old,
And the campaign's wild alarms
For his youth had formed the mould.

Till the roaring of the gun,
And the bullet whistling near,
Was the humming of a tune
That the soldier loved to hear.

Up the ladder steps of fame
He toiled straight from the ground,
Till to the last he came,
And he passed it with a bound.

In that year of cruel wrong
He sustained his country's pride,
When to combat with the strong
She espoused the feeble's side.

On Alma's bloody height
When the storm of battle roared,
The veteran's eye was bright,
And his hand was on his sword.

While his spirit fired his men
With the favour he would wear,*
As he shouted " We'll hae nane
But Hieland bonnets here."

Yet round the hero's crown
Fresh laurels intertwine,
In that battle of renown
When he led the " thin red line ;"

When the war-pipe, screaming loud,
Stirred up thoughts of ancient fame,
As the Russians like a cloud
In their vaunting courage came;

Not a cheek was seen to blanch,
Though the chargers shook the sward ;
Not an eye was seen to flinch
As their steady volley roared.

Again the volley rolled,
But the cravens asked no more,
As like wolves scared from the fold
On another track they bore.

When the pow'r of Britain's sway
On her Indian empire reeled,

* The favour of being allowed to wear a bonnet in the Queen's name.

He only asked a day
To prepare him for the field.

For the fire of youth still burned,
Though his limbs were wan and frail ;
And an age of ease he spurned,
For his soul was sheathed in mail.

When the horrors of that day
Shed a gloom o'er ev'ry path,
His presence like a ray
Dispelled the shades of death.

'Mid the arid desert's drought,
Or the 'whelming battle's shock,
He bravely bore it out,
With the gallant Havelock ;

And till order was restored
And the reign of peace begun,
He never sheathed the sword
Till his work was wholly done.

Then having filled his day
He quietly left the scene,
And his spirit passed away
While his laurels yet were green.

Yet to Scotia's mem'ry dear
Is her brave and gallant son,
While she proudly wipes the tear
As she claims him as her own.

And may Britain never want,
While the storms of battle roll,
Such a son to bear their brunt
And their thunders to control.

Till that blissful time will come
That will still the cannon's roar,
And the ruffle of the drum
Will summon death no more:

When men will cease to run
Where their passions lead the way,
For the time is coming on—
God speed the happy day !

Then before Him let us kneel,
For our own loved spot of earth—
Who for a nation's weal
Brings good men to their birth ;

For our peaceful councils spared
May a Gladstone long preside ;
But should horrid war be heard,
To grant another Clyde.

LAMENT FOR CHARLES DICKENS.

“O, haste thee, dear postman, and do not delay thee,
Be the news that thou bearest good, indiff^rent, or
bad,

Whether tidings of gladness to cheer up the weary,
Or mournful forebodings, to make others sad."

So cried a sweet maiden, in life's budding blossom,
To the bearer of news, whilst he hastened to come,
And the motion increased of her soft-heaving bosom,
As he handed her letters from dear friends at home.

But, ah! from her sweet face how quick fled the roses,
And her bosom upheaved with the deep-feeling sigh,
For dark is the tale that the paper discloses,
And dismal the tidings that meet with her eye ;

For it told of the death of a good and a great man.
(O, heavy the tidings to blacken the year).
It was not a warrior, it was not a statesman,
But one of his country more valued and dear.

Then clasping her hands, in a burst of emotion,
Whilst tears down her fair face like dew-drops did
roll,
As one mourns the friend of her heart's best devo-
tion,
So freely she poured forth the grief of her soul.

"And has he forsaken this earth-scene for ever ?"
She cried, as she poured forth her grief to the
wind ;
"And has that great spirit returned to its Giver,"
Whose aim on this earth was the good of his kind ?

The poor and the wretched have lost a defender,

Whose struggles and sufferings he painted so well;
So kindly his humour, his pathos so tender,
That weeps in the story of poor little Nell.

He sought not the wealthy, nor courted the noble,
Though theirs was the path unto riches and fame,
But he turned to the poor and the children of trouble,
Their wants were his care and their struggles his
theme.

Weep for your patron, ye daughters of sorrow,
For yours were the griefs that he toiled to assuage ;
Ye sons of affliction, the bright coming morrow
Now dawning for you, was the theme of his page.

How grand was that mind, that with gorgeous pro-
fusion
(While genius with nature so happily blends),
Imparted those forms of such life-like infusion
That speak from the page like companions and
friends.

What a halo encircles each pure loving spirit
His fancy pourtrayed to instruct and amuse ;
How bright the devotion of dear Little Dorrit,
What sweetness and feeling with Esther infuse.

Weep for him, maidens, let grief cloud your features,
; For cold is that heart now and mould'ring in clay,
Who so well understood all our weak, tender natures,
And our thoughts and affections as well could
pourtray.

In the dark haunts of mis'ry, so dismal and dreary,
Where want and neglect like grim spectres appear,
His pen brought new hope to the fainting and weary,
For whom were his thoughts till he closed his career.

O, woe fall the day, fraught with gloom to our nation,
That extinguished in darkness this pure light of love ;
But now in the skies, with a bright constellation
Of minds quenched on earth, may he still shine above.

Ah, sad were the tones of that high-feeling maiden,
As she mourned o'er the loss of a friend so beloved ;
Whose tidings soon spreading, reached hearts heavy laden,
As they hear of the spirit whom death has removed.

From the millions of London burst accents of mourning,
That spread o'er the far-distant isles of the seas ;
And the people beyond the equator sojourning
Grew sad as the echoes swept by on the breeze.

For he's gone to the land where there's no rank or station,
And censures and praises fall dull on the ear.
And vain are the accents of wild lamentation,
As tributes to merit, when laid in the bier.

And ye whose hearts kindle with gen'rous emotion,
What work would you rear up to show forth his
praise ?
But to tread in his path, with a kindred devotion,
Is the noblest memorial your tribute can raise.

A MEMENTO.

On the death of my brother's child.

Why for thy child such frantic sorrow,
By death laid early in the tomb,
It haply spared him from a morrow
Of worse calamities to come.

Thy trial is but of an hour ;
Then why of God wilt thou despair,
Who in its morning took thy flow'r,
While with the dew 'twas sweet and fair ?

Ere from that freshness it had parted
By baffled passion's sultry glare,
Till it was seen to droop sad-hearted,
Gnawed by the canker-worm of care.

Ah me ! ah me ! what sorrows boding
Await us through this pilgrimage ;
What ills, what cares, what griefs corroding,
To wear us down from youth to age.

How few, how few of life's gay dawning,
Bear out the promise of their morn,
And tread life's vale with pitfalls yawning,
To reach in peace its final bourne.

Think not of each grace that delighted
In prattling voice and dimpling fold,
The bud of future manhood blighted,
In that sweet darling in the mould.

But think of him in that bright centre
Among the pure and undefiled,
Where no one e'er can hope to enter
But who comes as a little child.

THE INFANT.

A Sketch.

When wintry blasts were sweeping winds and moors,
And toils without were left for warmth indoors,
I drew my chair up to the warm hearth-mat,
Where the young matron with her infant sat;
While blust'ring winds without our ears assailed,
The cheerful fire with keener zest we hailed.—
A cosy scene, where no one spake a word,
And on my foot grimalkin leant and purred.
The thrifty matron quietly plied her seam,

While in a muse I dreamed or seemed to dream,
Although my thoughts the while found busy play
Where on the lap th' unconscious infant lay
(With all his pomp, yet in his best degree
What couch has man found like his mother's knee);
And speculating, scanned the infant's face,
Small helpless embryo of my fellow race,
As washed, and swaddled, and replete with pap,
She lay quiescent on the mother's lap;
Her bright eyes gazing in a wond'ring maze,
With her wee toes expanding to the blaze,
Wrinkling her brows the while in tranquil peace
In the sweet torpor of incipient bliss.
While ev'ry object takes her watchful eye,
To her vague thoughts distinction is too high;
In all her actions still moved from within,
Instinct o'er thought is seen to supervene.
While Nature in the nonage of the mind
As regent governs with attentions kind.
The babe aroused as its demands apply,
When these are passive, then forgets to cry.
Or soon the mind that flies from change to change,
With vague alarm takes note there's something
 strange.
Then suddenly the lately placid mien
Becomes distorted and suffused with spleen,
Each convulsed lineament grows deeply creased
Till almost hideous with a look displeased,
While the ear vibrates to her instant wail
That soothing words to hush no more avail,
Nor till regaled does she subside to rest

With the consoling fountain of the breast ;
 Yet slobbers still and moans with peevish greed,
 The suck desires, yet scarce inclines to heed,
 As if its heart were supervened with gall
 The sad but sure mementoes of the Fall.
 (Where is the young of all earth's creatures wild
 So querulous and perverse as a child ?)
 Yet all the infant's peevishness above
 Is seen the mother's unremitting love.
 And thus is man with his assumption high
 As viewed beneath his heavenly father's eye,
 With whom each one, with all his cares, at best
 Is like an infant crying for the breast,
 And who more irritably frets and wails
 E'en while her breast the mother then unveils.
 So with our lot we chide with childish ire
 While ignorant of what we should desire ;
 Though God attends us in His special way,
 And what are blessings will not long delay
 Whose patience still our peevish cares above
 Transcendeth far an earthly mother's love.

LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM

Merry faces, sober faces,
 Faces old and faces young,
 How we love to gaze upon ye—

Kindly mem'ries round ye flung.
"Auld lang syne" comes up before us
Clearly as but yesterday,
Minding us of friends now living,
And of others passed away.

Ah! 'tis pleasant—soul refreshing—
When we look our album through,
As the turning of each leaflet
Brings loved features to our view.
Tenderly we trace these features,
Wishing we were always near ;
Those whose "photos" here remind us
Of true friendships prized and dear.

THE OCTAGON FIRE.

Sound the alarm, the fire-bell loudly toll !
The moments now big with importance hang—
Cause through the streets its echoes wild to roll
Till at their boding, terrifying clang
The sleepers start up with presaging pang,
As meet their eyes the sudden lurid glare,
And at the scene convenes a willing gang.
Already where the flames are seen to flare
Hark to these dismal shrieks of horror and despair !

The flames prevail—Why lingers the brigade?
Is this a time for men to dally long
While helpless beings shriek for instant aid,
Who there commingle in a frantic throng
With bearded men, maids beautiful and young,
Appalled at death in its most horrid shape
That circles round them, crackling loud and strong?
Quick, for their rescue, fetch the fire escape!
Cursed be the accident that caused that to mishap!*

Above the street ascends a tongue of fire
That makes the Octagon light with its blaze,
High mounting as the Church's tap'ring spire,
And shows the sufferers to the people's gaze
Crowding below in horrified amaze
Helpless to aid, yet filled with grief profound
As one poor wretch, moved by some frenzied craze,
From the high storey leaps down on the ground,
When from the asphalt path his mangled bones
rebound.

Within, the demon conflagration roars,
And suffocating vapours rolling dense
From gutted rooms and flaming corridors
Afflict the eyes and stupefy the sense.
And yours was then a deed of excellence
Worth a high meed, brave Jenkinson and Grant,
Who sought again the dang'rous eminence
And through the flames for others' sakes did pant—
And well your noble toils, a maiden's life may vaunt.

* The fire-escape by some means could not be got under way until too late.

Vain more they strove, while 'mid expiring groans
Swept through each room that hurricane of fire.
And thou, sad muse, for all these little ones
Sound dirges loudly on thy tragic lyre
And say how there the mother and the sire,
All in one doom, bound with one rigid yoke,
Shared the same pangs of one funereal pyre
That quenched one household at one cruel stroke,
Who all laid down in peace and in death's pangs
awoke.

And now the public's fellow-hearts are stirred;
From rival factions and opposing vans
The leader's* voice in sympathy is heard,
Nobly oblivious of politic bans.
In death, in death there are no partisans,
No party feuds distract the cold grim clay,
The world rolls on, but with its active plans,
Wrapped in their tombs, no further part have they,
Yet to their God consigned in hope their spirits stay.

THE WORD MOVES ON.

What a din, and what a clatter,
On the earth and on the water ;

* Sir George Grey, then premier, sent a sympathetic telegram to the survivors, the two Misses Wilson, whose father, as editor of the *Daily Times*, had been his own political opponent.

What happiness men scatter
In this race of life they run.
Each looking to himself
Casts behind him peace and health,
While a vain dream of wealth
Is all that leads him on.
And for such paltry pelf
Is his mental peace foregone.

Pushing neighbours as they bustle,
Along their paths neighbours hustle,
Each straining every muscle
To grasp at all he can.
For those who could enjoy it
There's scarce one moment's quiet
In the endless scene of riot
As the world moves on—
Mid its hubbub and its tumult,
As it still moves on.

Nor ends this scene of strife,
This constant fight of life,
With which this sphere is rife,
As it turns around the sun,
Some are laughing, some are sighing,
Some on beds of pain are lying ;
Here the living—there the dying—
But the world moves on
With its hubbub and its tumult,
Still the world moves on.

Some at death's approach are moaning ;
Some o'er lives misspent are groaning,
And earnestly atoning
For the deeds of ill they've done ;
While lusty friends are parted
On life's final journey started,
Others follow broken-hearted
But the world moves on
With its hubbub and its tumult,
Still the world moves on.

And such a world, so dreary,
With an aspect so uncheery ;
Of such a world I'm weary,
With its hollowness and din ;
With its rushing and its screeching,
With its scheming and its preaching,
And its heartless over-reaching,
As it still moves on
With its hubbub and its tumult,
As it still moves on.

HARD ROWS THE WORLD.

Hard rows the world,
With its freight of toil and care
With its weary fight of life

That ev'ryone must share,
But his lot is hard to bear,
Who scarce can hold his own,
While misfortunes round him stare
Till he sinks beneath their frown.
Hard rows the world,
When once a man is down.

Hard rows the world
When adversity blows keen ;
That chills affection's ties,
And leaves mistrust between,
And the loving social scene,
With its cheery hearthside glow.
Compelled by fortune mean,
The poor must oft forego.
Hard rows the world
When its clouds hang dark and low.

Hard rows the world
To the friendless and the poor,
Where virtue, clothed threadbare,
Is slighted as obscure ;
And the soul of feeling pure,
From the narrow churlish mind
With its proud slights must endure
By his social bounds confined.
Hard rows the world,
Yet the poor must bear resigned.

Hard rows the world
With its broad commercial plan,
Where virtue must give place,
While money makes the man.
And a rich appearance can
Most gross short-comings hide,
While the honest artizan
Must stoop to empty pride.
Hard rows the world,
With its partial-leaning side.

Hard rows the world,
But the man to honour true,
Let fortune smile or frown,
Will his even course pursue.
With his bright goal well in view
Strong in the right he'll stand,
Though understood by few,
Still those a chosen band.
Hard rows the world,
Yet will worth respect command.

MEN OF THE WORLD.

There's an evil too commonly seen 'neath the sun
That virtue oft lags when the goal's to be won,
And the ballast of honour is lighter by far
When the schemer would tide o'er some troublesome
bar.

Let those who in thoughts are exalted and pure,
Set their hopes upon joys that are lasting and sure ;
But your worldly self-seekers, your knowingly wise,
Such dreamy abstractions will hardly suffice.

More matter of fact, and purblind in their moods,
Less care to be just than increase their world's goods !
They choose the first near-cut that leads to their goal ;
Without a concern about trespass or toll.

Like a cat on its feet, or a duck in a show'r,
Naught takes them amiss, for they change with the
hour ;
From the straight course of truth they at will turn
aside
To row with the current or sail with the tide.

To fine feelings lost—talk of feelings to them,
Get blood from a flint—but the thought they'd condemn
All finer emotions with lips lightly curled
They regard as unworthy of men of the world.

What soft'ning thoughts can their natures alloy,
With whom a sharp deal is the ideal of joy ;
For which in pursuing the bent of their end
They own not a brother and know not a friend.

They honour not God, yet they buy and they sell,
Their sales are well-timed, and their ventures pay
well,*

*While meditating upon this poem, the idea of the latter two lines was supplied by the Rev. Mr Chisholm, of Milton, who in his sermon uttered the last line almost word for word as it stands.

Their bank book's their bible, per centage their creed,
And mighty in bills, with St. Mammon to speed.

As they prosper in trade they increase in their state,
Their living grows rich, and their stomachs wax great,
Complacent with wealth, they must now be genteel,
As matters that seem are assumed for what's real

More knavishly clever than honestly wise,
With them wisdom is cunning and cunning is lies.
O, how they look down upon other poor elves
They reckon are scarcely as sharp as themselves.

To their earth-trodden thoughts leave the muck-worms
alone ;
Vain dupes of their cunning their joys are their own,
For the use that they put it their gold is but dross,
As in gaining their hands are corrupted and gross.

Yet what fortune might do when the just it befel,
A Guthrie might teach and a Peabody tell ;
Where are hardships to lighten and sorrows to heal,
There's a pathos in life that the worldly ne'er feel.

But where will I go, a poor creature forlorn,
Harassed in each quarter, beset at each turn,
On this too trusting spirit confusion is hurled,
Outwitted and twitted by men of the world.

If I say I'll content with a sweet dream of love
This harbour of hope but scant refuge will prove,

When I note the plain trace 'mid their sighs and their
tears

Of a shrewd worldly vein in the hearts of the dears.

But I'll call to my mind all the noble and great,
And tread in their footsteps though narrow and straight
Who with honour and truth for their banners unfurled,
Marched gallantly on 'mid a sin-scoffing world.

PRIDE OF DEGREE.

There's a pride of high talent, a pride of high
birth,

A pride of affection, a proud sense of worth ;
But of all sorts of pride that is hateful to me,
'Tis where money alone is the mark of degree.

There is well-to do Jones makes obeisance to Brown,
Who drives in his carriage to church and to town ;
But of plain working Hodges no notice takes he—
For why ? He regards him of lower degree.

And so the line runs, rising grade over grade,
As they're happy in fortune or lucky in trade ;
The conservative form holding good, on the plea
The longer the purse more select the degree.

Nay, some doomed by fate fortune's pinches to feel,
Still cling to the passion of seeming "genteel,"
And with flimsy veneering at elbow and knee
Make frantic attempts to uphold their degree.

As a source of all blessing, for all ills a salve,
All fall down to worship the great golden calf.
Mere virtue and truth are like pearls in the sea,
Where cash is the great motive-pow'r of degree.

Here a vain parvenu on his high hobby flies—
Oh, how proud are his looks and upturned are his
eyes ;

All his former associates too lofty is he
To observe in the pride of his present degree.

But methinks that if rich I would say to a friend,
By your conduct to me you yourself will commend ;
That you're low in position what matters to me—
'Tis mind, and not money, should mark the degree.



WHAT'S A SHILLING, MORE OR LESS?

Life is like the ocean troubled,
 Passions ever heave and pain,
And their influences doubled
 For the paltry sake of gain.
Varied are life's social phases,
 Men by modes concert and mess,
And their graduating classes
 Ruled by shillings more or less.

In the struggle 'twixt opponents,
 Each one hauling in the slack,
Clam'ring rights with loud dissonance,
 But no priv'ledge yielding back.
There are warps in ev'ry tissue,
 Ev'ry trade betrays finesse—
Men and masters all at issue
 For a shilling more or less.

No one seems of just opinion
 All the plea with thought to scan,
And, when weighing all between them,
 To do right 'twixt man and man ;
But unto the utmost fraction
 Of a bargain, screw and press.
When for mutual satisfaction,
 What's a shilling more or less ?

Some, by nature discontented,
Are ne'er happy with their score ;
Rising early, living stinted,
To acquire a shilling more.
Take of comforts a due measure,
While avoiding all excess,
So of life we have some pleasure,
What's a shilling more or less ?

Should some cause your aid importune,
For some case of woe laid bare,
And thought, with your own poor fortune,
Whisper you have naught to spare,
Ne'er resist a kind endeavour
To relieve unfeigned distress—
'Twixt the action and the favour,
What's a shilling more or less ?

Why should want of fortune grieve thee ?
Life is but a fleeting day ;
In this world you'll get, believe me,
More than you can take away.
What though some are fat and sappy
With this world's goods—gay in dress ;
Should you then be most unhappy
For some comforts more or less ?

With a home thou canst abide in,
With—what wealth can ne'er confer—
A fond wife that thou canst pride in,
Banish from thee bootless care.
Be thou upright, brave, and trustful,

Let thy life God's pow'r confess ;
Of deceitful gold not lustful,
He will love thee none the less.

ELEGY ON MRS CATHERINE CAMPBELL.

(By consanguinity the author's grandmother, but by adoption
his mother.)

Alas for humanity,
But sorrow and vanity ;
How soon in inanity
Pall our best things below.
From youth's warm sincerity
And hopeful temerity
To its close, of a verity,
This life's but a show.

Days turn like winding reels,
One scarce their succession feels ;
The spokes of time's chariot wheels,
As swiftly they roll,
That with unslackened pace
Drives its appointed race
Over earth's coursing place
To eternity's goal.

The fate sword of Nemesis
Hangs over life's premises ;

In midst of our happiness
 A death's head appears.
 High thoughts are on the wing,
 When the weird blade loosening—
 A breach in the social ring,
 The scene marks with tears.

The clue unravelled out,
 Life's journey travelled out,
 Oh future state cavilled at ;
 Were no hopes of thee left,
 This world's constant storms,
 False hope's flitting forms,
 Issuing with the worms,
 How vain were its gift.

O grave, how bewild'ring
 Thy dark region mould'ring,
 With no warring tumults ring
 Thine echoless shore ;
 Where now, in thy narrow bed,
 That light once with mercy fed,
 O'er my youth that such halo shed,
 Is quenched evermore.

How often, with gentle touch,
 She watched by the dying couch
 Of darling ones, loving much,
 The long solemn night ;
 Till o'er the waned lineament
 Collapsed the frail tenement,

And o'er the bright firmament
 Her loosed soul took flight.

Not hers was an even life,
 But undaunted in the strife,
 She held amid sorrows rife
 Her high-aimed career,
 Like the just's path of shining light ;
 And now o'er the starry height
 She gathers, in mansions bright,
 Love's righteous arrear.

Ah, me ! in youth's happy days,
 What schemes did we fondly raise,
 As fortune's resplendent rays
 Seemed gay in the future.
 Alas for man's purports high—
 Poor blind slave of destiny,
 On whose track still hovers nigh
 Death, the sharpshooter.

Through this vale of hollowness
 The grim archer follows us,
 So God's rod thus mellows us
 With stroke upon stroke,
 Till by these ruptured ties,
 O'er the world forced to rise,
 We turn at length to the skies,
 Our haughty pride broke.

Life's but a passing shade,
 So soon does its fashion fade,

Like that form of passion laid.
But why should I gloom,
Or let grief o'erpower me,
Since that saint, so hoary,
Then ripened for glory,
Was fit to go home.

Round whose tomb, as a wreath of bays,
A memento of her praise,
These fond, though incult lays
Are twined by a son,
To publish to all abroad
That she, when on earth she trod,
Serving man and fearing God,
Her part had well done.

ON AN AGED FRIEND.

Farewell, old friend, my heart within me sad
Droops 'neath the pressure of that bitter doom,
That now that face, for me which ever had
A kindly look, has consigned to the tomb.

'Tis true that to life's utmost limit brief
Thou in thy pilgrimage hadst fully come,
Till with thy years a fully ripened sheaf—
The reaper death but came to garner home.

I know that without fear or future dread
Thy race was sped within thine honoured groove,
Where life's bleak path unto its close was spread
With the sweet flow'rs of thoughtful filial love.

And that thy spirit, setting like the sun,
That on its course from dawn beneath our skies
Unto the eve its bright career had run,
Like it elsewhere has now begun to rise.

Grim death for thee its mildest aspect put,
First gently travelling down life's rugged steep,
Then with the journey wearied, at the foot
Laid down to rest, and calmly fell asleep.

Yet vain regret (when we should more rejoice)
Still fondly hovers o'er thee as thou wast,
As hard to realise that kindly voice
Is now but as an echo of the past.

Then fare-thee-well, old friend, although death's cup
With its sharp pains has moved our grief for thee,
'Twas but life's last most bitter parting drop
That all must quaff ere from its bonds set free.

But now 'tis surely better as thou art,
Freed from the press, the echo, and the stir
Of this world's cares, where thou a mother's part
So well performed while an inhabitant.

And we who now give way to sad regret
For thy dear form, now ashes in the urn,

Be it our parts with lofty purports set
To ponder softly life's unfailing bourne ;
That when we, too, are called on to resign
Or late or soon our lives' uncertain lease,
These lives filled out as blamelessly as thine
May be like thine closed in as perfect peace.

THE WANDERER.

A Dirge.

The wintry winds blow loud and shrill,
Their sough is wild and eerie, O,
But misfortune's blast blows colder still
To the broken down and weary, O.
To the broken down in mind and heart,
The weary and desponding, O,
Who sees each joy of life depart,
And a frowning world around him, O.

The little bird that skims along,
Should aught his feelings harrow, O.
His loving mate's enliv'ning song
Soon wiles away his sorrow, O.
But when with trouble wasted low,
Then who is there to sooth his fate,
To chase the shadows from his brow,
And in his grief participate.

For those who live but in the past,
For whom the future bodes no joy,
Whose lines with clouds are overcast,
Their better lot would be to die.
But to this wreck of life we cling,
As drowning men cling for their lives ;
The mast that bends before the wind
Braves many a shock ere yet it gives.

While through a world of growing cares
We still are forced to wander on,
Our frames each little trial wears,
As constant dropping wears a stone.
O'er blighted hopes and withered joys
We vainly dwell and sadly muse,
Nor think what peace such thought destroys,
Or time mispent on them we lose.

Of life, then, is this all the sum,
That man for it such strife should wage,
And found all hopes of joys to come
On pomp and costly equipage.
Can wealth restore the friends of youth,
Or bring again the days gone by,
Or shut the grave's dark yawning mouth,
Or even sooth our last drawn sigh ?

Since then in wealth no peace is found
That to life's ills brings no alloy,
Well may we pause and gaze around,
And seek than this a purer joy,
And put our trust in God most high.

He who the raven's wants supplies,
He ever list'neth to our cry ;
The meanest he will not despise.

How wonderful are all His ways,
How darkly hidden are his ends,
How utterly beyond our praise ;
The friendless wand'rer he befriends.
Then if I sink, or if I rise,
My trust, Oh God, is all in Thee,
Since Thou alone art truly wise,
And as Thou wilt, so let it be.

THE LAMBS.

Where like an oven in the sky
Australia's sun is blazing high,
And from its distant inland source
The Darling winds its sinuous course
'Mid dreary regions parched and dry,
Whose sameness palls the wearied eye,
With sandy scrubs and salt bush plains,
That scant rewards the shepherd's pains,*
And timber belts of straggling growth,
All stunted with the summer's drouth

* This only alludes to seasons of drought, for salt bush is usually esteemed as excellent pasturage for sheep.

Where dusty clouds and teasing flies
Afflict the sight and bung the eyes,
While panting Nature faints beneath
The hot siroco's stifling breath ;
Where, proper to that region rude,
Appears the aborigine nude,
With agile form and eye of fear,
Equipped with boomerang and spear.
A simple race, devoid of cares,
Who herd in camps like beasts in lairs,
Exhibiting in all their outlines—
As things grow coarser at their confines—
God's image's remotest trace—
The selvedge of the human race.

'Mid scenes like these, to start my story—
Without more comments prefatory—
Three swains resided on a station,
Who herded sheep by occupation,
Who in their course of work were put
Out to a sep'rate shepherd's hut,
Where they at ease might brood and muse,
Each with a flock of lambs and ewes.
These duly named were Harry Ruff,
A thorough John Bull, frank and bluff ;
The next, a Scot, named Hugh M'Rae,
Both 'cute and canny in his way ;
The third, a red shock-headed Pat,
For shortness, nicknamed Irish Mat.

But by-and-bye the overseer

Rode out to learn the shepherds' cheer.
It now was time to mark the lambs,
And make young ewes distinct from rams ;
But for this to be better done
'Twas handiest, where there was one,
To drive all to one yard, for which
He bore an order round to each
To start next morning, soon ; prepared
To reach a more commodious yard,
Where, in a hut for them before
Were ample rations laid in store,
While he (the overseer) would come
With full hands from the station home,
From which they'd start by break of day,
And do the marking in a day.
And still he cautioned each to heed,
And look out as he did proceed :
" Now, mind yourselves, for if you box*
You'll play the mischief with the flocks."

Next morn as Nature, blushing, proud,
Revealed a sky without a cloud,
And shining on the dewy ground
The Orient sun rose red and round,
Whose preternat'ral fervid ray
Might predicate a burning day ;
The shepherds broke their fast in haste,
And from the folds their flocks released,
Thus ardent, pressed at starting soon

*Shepherd phrase for join or mix.

To reach their journey's end by noon.
But while each swain his way pursues,
With skipping lambs and blatant ewes,
Yet leave we, journeying o'er the flat
The rest a while, and follow Mat,
Of whom the Muse, in comic song,
Some mischief promises ere long.

The time was now when in July
The sunbeams warmed the humid sky,
Whose heat already 'gan to blaze
Mat's rough but not unkindly face,
Although not yet when in its zone
The mounting sun more fervid shone
Vertically o'er the plains,
Then parched through long-recurring rains,
Until the baked and chapt earth's crust
Resolving to primordial dust,
That by ten thousand trotters ploughed
Ascends up like a glory cloud,
That o'er each flock floats all the day,
A token seen for miles away.

Now with his flocks in wide array,
Mat slowly wended on his way ;
Meanwhile, as older grew the day,
The sun shone out with stronger ray,
Till, from th' unwonted swelt'ring heat
Mat's sheep-dog Tip was fairly beat,
And slunk from bush to bush along
With panting sobs and dripping tongue ;

Besides, the sheep began to sulk,
And crowded into closer bulk,
Till Mat oft languished to attain
The further limit of the plain,
The timber's cooling shade to reach
That now ahead was seen to stretch,
Where, with its fringe of deeper green,
The river's course was plainly seen.
But by degrees, progressing slow,
As lawyers (said) to heaven do go,
The object wished at length he gained,
In mind and body chafed and pained,
While in his throat a burning drouth;
With saline phlegm encased his mouth;
Then in the cool refreshing shade
At his full length himself he laid
A prey to sullen lassitude,
And from him in this fevered mood
The following words did disembogue,
Dressed slightly of their native brogue.

ODE TO WATER.

"Hail to thee great Alma Mater,
First of Chaos forms I sing;
Nature's great renewer water,
Water sparkling in the spring.

What need all this toiling matter,
What relief can prospects bring,
When parched Nature pants for water,
Water bubbling from the spring.

Ho all ye who treasures scatter,
Chasing joy on fancy's wing,
Wot ye what a boon is water
Pure and bubbling from the spring ?

Puffed with egotistic notions
Providence's gifts ye waste,
With fermented high-spiced potions
Pamp'ring a perverted taste.

For your rich wines ye may cater,
But for common or for king
Nature needs no draught but water,
Water sparkling from the spring.

Some descant in terms enthus'ic
On sweet harmony's concord,
Yielded in the strains of music
By the lute or harpsichord.

O, the dullards, I would rather
Than from lute or harp can ring
Hark the tinkling sound of water
Bubbling in a sparkling spring.

Some for stately mansions pander
With gay walks and graceful lawns,
Game preserves of solemn grandeur,
Parks of deer and bounding fawns.

Keep your parks and groves of pheasants ;
Would my fate such station bring,

In the foreground of my pleasance
I would have a bubbling spring.

Or for more refined requirement
In the summer evenings' cool,
To enjoy an hour's retirement,
I would have a shady pool.

O how nice to lie and splatter
As I bathed myself therein,
While with floods of cooling water
I would lave my fevered skin.

Pomp and pride some minds may flatter,
Wealth acquired more aims will bring,
Mine would simply be for water
Water———"

By this a tumult in his ears
Awoke such strong foreboding fears
As from his couch upon the ground
Made Mat recover with a bound ;
When such a sight his optics met
As made him all his song forget,
Forget his weariness and thirst ;
I'm rather dubious that he cursed
When he beheld, in act to fuse
With his, an adverse flock of ewes.
One startled glance told plain enough
That he had boxed with Harry Ruff.

You've doubtless heard, with zest enlarged,
How well the Forty-second charged
On Alexandria's sandy plain,
And many a sanguine field of Spain ;
Or how the Eighty-eighth scared wholly
The French with their wild "Faugh-a-Ballagh;"*
Or how the noble Light Brigade,
By roaring cannons undismayed,
Upon the Russian batt'ries hurled,
Awoke the wonder of the world.
Yet all these feats were tame and flat
Compared to those performed by Mat,
As on that memorable eve
He toiled his prestige to retrieve.

Emitting an unearthly yell,
He ran, he stumbled, and he fell,
Yet scarcely taking time to rise .
He floundered on with starting eyes.
Now Tip he to his aid invokes,
And in that breath his word revokes :
"Go for'ard, Tip," "come to my foot,"
"Speak up, good dog," "lie down, you brute,"
Until the puzzled Tip, unused
To hearing orders so confused,
And firing up beyond command
Took his own counsel out of hand,
And with one vociferous sweep
Completely jumbled up the sheep.

* Clear the way.

As Mat careered like stormy wind
They fled before and closed behind ;
Then wheeling to his rear once more,
The sheep in front ran as before ;
Yet still he frantically flew
From right to left, and on till through,
When there he met his brother elf,
As much excited as himself ;
And then and there betwixt the two,
A furious wordy clamour grew.
But Mat's Milesian temp'rament,
By rules of logic seldom pent,
Now quickly o'er discretion rose,
Till angry words gave place to blows.
But Harry Buff, a former tar
Well skilled in pugilistic war,
So scientifically sparred,
And his opponent hit so hard,
That soon poor Mat, unlike M'Duff,
Was glad to cry—" Hould, that's enough."

Just at that time a whistle shrill
Forewarned them of more danger still,
And glancing through the dusty fog,
They both discerned the Scotchman's dog,
That swiftly darting 'twixt the flocks,
Just barely saved a three-fold box.
M'Rae appeared then on the scene,
With a portentous lengthened mien :
" Tout, tout, my lads," he said ; " what's this ?
There's something unco here amiss,

But fechtin's only fit for fules
Or little feckless bairns at schules—
When ye would far mair wisely win
To mend the mischief that's been done
And shift the blame from off your backs,
Or both are bound to get 'your cheques.' ”
For thus remarked the canny Scot :
“ Although I wouldna for a groat
Mysel unto a lee demean,
I'd do't to benefit a frien'.
Then in the fence we'll mak a breach,
And to the cove* a yarn we'll pitch,
That when in bed we were asleep
The dingoes came and rushed the sheep,
Which, crowding up against the brush,
Bore it before them in the crush.
Meanwhile among sae mony lambs,
Where they'll be safe to find their dams,
We'll put the twa flocks in the bend
Where Mavy them this nicht will tend ;
For she is supple, wise, and strang,
And in her charge they'll no go wrang.
Hey—Mavy lass, ye winna fail.”—
(Here Mavy whined and shook her tail ;
A gentle beast she seemed, and fly,
Whose points would take a shepherd's eye,
With tints of white, and black, and tan,
And wisdom almost of a man.)—
“ While in the yard mine will be richt.

*Bush term for boss.

And noo the hut is here in sicht,
And as the sun is gangin' doon
And o'er the red horizon soon
We'll see its beams begin to glance,
We'll shove them in the yard at ance,
And then we'll see about a feed,"
To which all cordially agreed.

Convenient to the river's bank,
With herbage round it growing rank,
The hut in view was now displayed
Enveloped in a gum tree's shade ;
A simple structure strongly reared,
With posts by broad-axe rudely squared
Set down at distances approved,
With slabs between transversly grooved ;
While 'gainst the weather's changes proof
Broad sheets of bark composed the roof,
Prevented curling at the edge
By rider-logs slung o'er the ridge.
In view of the retreating roof
The chimney seemed to stand aloof,
Constructed, with its fire-place
Old fashioned, to give ample space
For the huge log fires that at night
Blazed there with flames of ruddy light.

'Twas in this place where sheets of bark
The bunks composed—and, save the mark,
The table eke, each shepherd wight
Prepared to quarter for the night.

Then each and all as they were versed
To various tasks themselves dispersed ;
But Matthew, at the river first
With cooling draughts assuaged his thirst,
Then swinging round his axe on high
The firewood chips he soon made fly;
And as the chimney 'gan to smoke
Hugh took a wether from the flock,
That from a gallows of rude form
He soon had hanging dressed and warm ;
While Harry Ruff, whose genius took
More to the duties of a cook,
Was soon up to the arms in flour,
And he in less than half-an-hour
Had such a pile of Johnnie-cake,
That on the embers he did bake
As would have given six their rights
With fasting shepherds' appetites,
And went down with a relish high,
With steaming tea and liver fry ;—
And that by men so much in need
Was well pronounced " a glorious feed."

Then when the hearty meal was o'er
And baited nature asked no more,
It was proposed in council deep
That Hugh and Mat should view the sheep—
If in the bend they were all right
And like to settle for the night ;
And take some supper for the dogs,

And Mat's and Ruff's tie up to logs ;
But Mavy would be better loose,
As she would be of greater use
By making the sheep keep in bound
If they inclined to leave the ground.
While then they both huge fires would rear
Around the camp sufficient near,
As would by their bright flaming light
Scare prowling dingoes at the sight,
Of which nathless they feared no harm
With Mavy there to give alarm.

Meanwhile Harry on his part
Essayed his culinary art,
And heaping fuel on afresh
Intending, when reduced to ash .
To bake a damper for the morn
Whose taste no epicure might scorn,
While from the sheep a quarter cloven
Was quickly splutt'ring in the oven,
The which while waiting to be done,
The shepherds afterwards came in.
He purposed while thus they sat
To make some puff cakes boiled in fat ;
And when completed to his wish
The billy he would sling afresh,
That they might have, as Harry said
" A snack before they went to bed."

Yet Harry these arrangements made,
And still the absent men delayed ;

By this the damper had been baked,
The fire again together raked,
The puff cakes done to his desire,
The billy simm'ring on the fire,
The hut swept out and all things cleared,
Ere their returning steps were heard.

By this the twilight long had closed
And silence o'er the earth reposed,
Where late the sun with flaming ray
Presided o'er the glowing day,
Yet scarce was missed its golden light
In the calm splendour of the night ;
For Nature now high in the sphere
Had lit her silver chandelier,
In which ten thousand starry jets
Were ranged in strange fantastic sets ;
Though then their tributary rays
Were dimmed by Luna's fuller blaze,
That pendant from the glorious frame
Diffused abroad its lambent flame,
Till all the earth below was white
With it's rich flood of milky light,
Save where the branching trees o'erhead
Cast on the ground their inky shade—
While the soft influence of the light
Roused all the creatures of the night.
Among the gums the 'possums swarmed,
Below the civets spat and squirmed,
While down the bush in tedious rote
Was heard the solemn Morepork's note,

And hooting of the weird night owl,
And prowling dingoes' distant howl.
Meanwhile prevailed a wild uproar,
Where from four thousand ewes and more,
With answ'ring lambs, their bleatings close
In one full blended chorus rose.

Outside the hut paused Mat and Hugh
The wondrous canopy to view,
When Hugh remarked, moved at the sight,
"Man, is not this a splendid night!
Mat, look in yonder glorious sky,
What marvels meet the wond'ring eye!
And where, though now hid from the sight
Of leddy Luna's dazzling light,
So many mighty planets burn
That roond their stated orbits turn,
Yet graduated in the heicht
To act as lamps this world to licht:
And look there at the milky way,
Composed o' coontless nebulae—
Astronomers say every ane
Is just a planet like our ain;
Yet while along they smoothly glide,
Nae jars obstruct, nae shocks collide,
But in harmonious career
Each wheels in its allotted sphere.
How plain such facts proclaim abroad
The living presence of a God
Whose wondrous wisdom traced this plan
To beautify th' abode of man;

That answ'ring its stupendous hulk
Made lights in corresponding bulk
To light the whole, that poised in space
Were fixed, each in its fitting place,
When further would make faint their rays,
And nearer they the world would daze*
But noo it's time that we were gaun
To see how Harry's getting on,
Or maybe he'll be getting riled—
My faith, he's got the billy boiled."

Anon as round the fire the three
Were munching cakes and drinking tea,
'Twill scarce be safe," the Scotchman said,
For us to gang at ance to bed,
We'll bide at least till twal' o'clock
When then may settle down the flock,
And meanwhile look at them by turns,
And pass the time wi' sangs and yarns ;
And if by that they tak' nae harm
We may turn in without alarm ;
But, meanwhile, since we're jolly here,
Wi' this bricht fire and pleasant cheer,
To drive the time mair smooth a'lang
I vote that Mat will sing a sang."
" My faith," said Mat, "but if you plaise
Yourself's the man the tune should raise,
And afther that your song is done
P'raps Ruff and I will each give one."

* Hervey's Meditations.

“Aweel,” said Hugh, “I’ll gie a ditty
 That p’raps you’ll no think ower witty ;
 But for the time ’twill suit no ill
 For ane that aince I made mysel’.”
 And after hemming once or twice
 Hugh sang in a clear tenor voice :

MUCKELROY THE WEAVER.

AIR—Maggie Lauder.

If in this warld o’ care and strife,
 A body there was ever
 Plagued wi’ cross currents in this life,
 ’Twas Muckleroy, the weaver :
 For in a’e week he lost his soo ;
 His mither took the fever ;
 And in the sheugh was smooored his coo,—
 Puir Muckleroy, the weaver !

Chorus—Hout, hout, awa ! hout, hout, awa !

Hout awa ! Whatever
 Should gang amiss to mar the peace
 O’ Muckleroy, the weaver.
 Hout, hout, awa ! hout, hout, awa !
 A man so smart and clever ;
 Yet a’ about the pipe puts oot
 O’ Muckleroy, the weaver.

The lassie neist wham he loe’d best
 She proved a vile deceiver,
 And gied the poke for Soutar Jock
 To Muckleroy, the weaver.

She leuch at Roy, the saucy quean,
Quo' he, " Old Harry deave her ;
May she hae neither chit nor wean !"
Said Muckleroy the weaver :

Chorus.—Hout, hout, awa ! hout, hout, awa ! &c.

He gied a neighbour some employ ;
The man turned oot a swiper,
And pawned the wab, and Muckleroy
Was left to pay the piper.
He fell o'er the kirb an' brak' his bane,
His hat rolled down the ceever :
'I wish that I was deid an' gane !
Grained Muckleroy, the weaver.

Chorus.—Hout, hout, awa ! hout, hout, awa ! &c.

As Hugh ended his song, said Pat, be my sowl,
But the same Muckleroy had some reason to growl.
But I'll sing ye my boys, if ye're civil enough,
A nate little lyric called Captain M'Gruff.

CAPTAIN M'GRUFF.

Arrah Captain M'Gruff, is scarce civil enough,
All around him he plagues wid his pig-headed ways,
For he pulls up his head, and his nose he will snuff
If you don't make obaisauce to him if you please.
He meddles and mars, and makes troubles and jars,
No motion is mooted but shure he will bluff ;

Wid his neighbours he's still in hot wather and wars
Should they durst spake contráry to Captain M'Gruff

It's hard to be near him, and thin to forbear him,
For if you gainsay him your neck he will scruff,
And it's just as taising, the effort to plaise him,
For no sinse of raison has Captain M'Gruff.
His mood you ne'er can know—a smould'ring volcano
You know not the moment he may take the huff,
But Cathleen his daughter is purer than wather,
She's the gim in the ould coat of Captain M'Gruff.

Och she is the darlint love fits like a garment,
Wid mirthful blue eyes, and a step like the roe,
But still the bright jewel is kept down so cruel,
She must not so much to a goose as say bo.
How often heart-baiting, for her I've sat waiting,
To spake at her house just to meet a rebuff,
He sits in the chamber, and will have you remimber
You must only spake sir to Captain M'Gruff.

Beside the ould villain the sweet little coleen,
As meek as a dormouse sits quietly by,
But it would fill volumes av close printed columns
The look she gives me wid the tail av her eye.
Shure no Turk or haythin misguided by Sathan
Would break a girl's spirit wid thraitment so rough
But he's now getting hoary, may his sowl rest in glory,
But a perfect ould Tory is Captain M'Gruff

As Mat his song brought to a close
His comrades plaudits warmly rose ;

"Hoots Mat" said Hugh "lad gies your hand,
Why mun your singing's really grand ;
As for your sang baith tune and words
Are pat to each as cream and curds.
M'Gruff was an eccentric chiel,
He must hae been a thrawn deil.
But Harry lad its your turn noo,
Get on your legs and mak your boo,
And place your hand upon your hup,
And show hoo you can gie it lup."
At this request so oddly made
The obliging Harry rose and said,
" I'll give you one that's parodied,
Or partly modelled on the plan
Of that rare ditty known wide,
Called the Old English Gentleman."

THE OLD COLONIAL LUSHINGTON.

Teddy was a Lushington, Teddy was a man
Who ne'er refused to take a drink or fight with any one,
To have a round or stand a shout, Ted either way
would please,
And when too drunk to stand upright he shouted on
his knees,
Like a rare Colonial Lushington one of the olden time.

There are some men who dream and rhyme on all and
sundry pleas,
The passion governs all their thoughts, a strange sort
of disease ;

But all the study Teddy takes to cause him mental
pain,
Is how to quickly make a cheque, to knock it down
again,
Like a rare Colonial Lushington, one of the olden time.

Some men with thoughts set on this world, oft with
complaisance bland,
As fruits of all their frugal toils boast of their wealth
and land ;
But small this cumpers Teddy's mind, for all that he
can brag
For forty years of gathering is rolled up in his swag,
Like a rare Colonial Lushington, one of the olden
time.

Most people as they're growing old, become more
staid and sage,
And for their youth's privations seek th' amenities
of age ;
Though Teddy's locks are thin and white, so little
does he reck,
That soon as he can reach a bar he hands the 'pub'
his cheque,
Like a rare Colonial Lushington, one of the olden
time.

Some o'er former fractious lives are prone to suffer
qualms,
And qualify their closing years with penitential
psalms ;

On points so delicate as these Old Ted seems quite at
ease,
But sighs o'er the past pleasures of his former
glorious sprees,
Like a rare Colonial Lushington, one of the olden
time.

When Harry's song came to a pause
The old slab hut rang with applause ;
Their spirits now were fairly raised
While cosily the fire blazed,
By far too snug for them to choose
To see how Mavy watched the ewes,
But from the door content to peep
And hark the bleating of the sheep,
While anecdote and comic pun
Contributed to swell the fun.
Thus for a while they yarned and laughed,
And oft their pints they filled and quaffed
With as much zest as if their cheer
Were brimming tanks of foaming beer ;
And when the tea leaves they did drain
They slung the billy on again.
Then Mat, with a grave face, proposed
To sing a song he had composed
Upon the eve of leaving home,
And the occasion of the *pome*,
A girl he meant to make his bride,
" When the swate purty coleen died,
Och but my heart it sorely wrung."
And with a changed voice Matthew sung

JUNELLE M'JUNE.

Thy gentle mind no stain defiled ;
Thy spotless faith no arts beguiled,
Junelle M'June.

What was there in his rough wild ways,
Those purty eyes of thine to please ;
That losing thee such grief should craze
This poor gosoon.

Soft as the murmur of the strame,
Bright as the twinkling starlet's bame,
When shines the moon.

Was thy swate voice's gentle tone,
And these blue eyes that kindly shone,
Now still in death, and dull as stone,
Junelle M'June.

Too rash we fixed the bridal hour ;
I little thought my purty flow'r
Would fade so soon.
How could'st thou on this earth have staid,
Who seemed more fit for angels made,
But in thy grave my hopes were laid,
Junelle M'June.

There are some men, but sure they lie,
Who all thoughts of a world deny
Beyond the moon.
There must be some more happy sphere
Where now in glory lives my dear
Junelle M'June.

"Your sang," said Hugh, "shows sense and art,
 And is a credit to your heart ;
 But wae is me the hamely strain
 Has touched in me a kindred vein,
 And stirred up thochts o' auld lang syne
 When gowden hopes were yet to tyne,
 Ere a' the fresh'ning dews o' youth
 Were fleyed by life's meridian drouth,
 And blichted joys their shadows flang ;
 And noo I'll sing anither sang,
 That ance, when langing sick and sair,
 I made on scenes I'll view na mair :—

THE SHORES OF LOCHFYNE.

AIR—*Lucy's Flitting.*

While the noon of life's day is declining and shady,
 A lone-hearted exile in sorrow I pine,
 As I muse on the days when a bare-footed laddie
 I gleefully roamed by the shores o' Lochfyne.

For these were the days when no cares could o'er-
 pow'r me,
 And the young shoots o' friendship were nourished
 to twine,
 And the hopes o' a life that were opening before me
 Were bright as the rainbows that bent o'er Loch-
 fyne.

In the lang days of simmer, what pleasure and laugh-
 ing,
 As we roamed o'er the braes, or we rowed on the
 brine ;

In the lang nights of winter, what romping and daffing
In the warm social hames by the shores o' Loch-
fyne.

There Nature her rare charms the bricht scene blends
through all,

Where the green and the purple sae sweetly com-
bine ;

While the hills o' Lochgair, and the green slopes o'
Cowal,

Oppose their rich views by the shores o' Lochfyne.

While the green o' the plantin', the sheen o' the
water,

The daisy-clad meadows wi' tame browsing kine,
Show a redolent landscape wi' sunshine and laughter,
When simmer her treasures sheds gay roond Loch-
fyne.

Nor lesser the prospect, though chastened and sober,
When winter advances her cold icy line,
And the branches, all stript by the blasts o' October,
Toss leafless and weird by the shores o' Lochfyne.

Alas ! these sweet landscapes, I've left them for
ever—

Nae mair they'll bring joy to this lane breast o'
mine ;

And these friends from whom late I did buoyantly
sever,

Their graves are noo green by the shores o' Loch-
fyne.

As the magnet reverts tae the point in the polar,
Sae flee my heart's thochts to the days o' lang syne ;
While sad recollections my deep musings colour
Wi' scenes that are hallowed, by lovely Lochfyne.

Applauding murmurs, loud and long,
Hailed the conclusion of Hugh's song ;
Mat cried in glee, "more pow'r to you !"
While Ruff said, warmly, "bravo, Hugh !"
Though such sad songs make me feel queer,
By waking thoughts of past career ;
But now I'll sing you one again
Of somewhat a more martial strain
I learnt when serving as a tar,
On board a British man-of-war :—

LORD COCHRANE.

When rivals, envying Britain's might,
Contended on the main,
A braver ne'er sustained her right
Than noble Cochrane.
The poor man's guardian and friend,
But venal statesmen's bane,
Whose dark designs could never bend
The high-souled Cochrane.

The "Speedy" was our vessel's name,
Though scanty were her crew,
Yet not unknown that ship to fame
For deeds she wont to do.

The Spaniard from his lofty deck
Looked on us with disdain,
And vainly thought with his Zebec*
To take Lord Cochrane.

They little deemed our captain's might,
Who their great odds defied,
And for four hours th' unequal fight,
With crimson stained the tide ;
But while shells burst on either hand,
And bullets fell like rain,
Rose high and clear in stern command
The voice of Cochrane.

Their broadsides o'er us vainly roared,
While ours their bulwarks swept ;
At length our captain waved his sword,
And on their deck we leapt.
Their crew recoiling from the shock,
Their captain with the slain,
Spain's haughty colors soon were struck
By mighty Cochrane.

As when the sun thick vapours shroud,
So villains void of shame,
With obloquy have dared to cloud
This deathless hero's name ;
But like the sun that naught can blot
High o'er his foeman's bane,
So shines the fame without a spot
Of glorious Cochrane.

* Spanish warship of the largest size.

When Harry's song, with spirit sung,
Delivered with a stentor's lung,
Was fairly done, you may suppose
A perfect storm of rapture rose,
Until excited with the theme,
And pledging "glorious Cochrane's fame,"
These worthies all were like to be
Debauched with their teetotal spree ;
Said Mat at last, " Confound this thirst !"
" By Jove !" said Ruff, " I'm like to burst,
With tea my stomach's fairly tight,
Full thirteen pints I've drank this night."
Now by their languishing slush light
Admonished of the evening's flight,
They rose and without further said
Abruptly tumbled into bed.

Next morning dawning hoar with frost
Found faithful Mavy at her post,
The ewes in camp all safe and fast
And all the lambs composed at last.
When shortly after on the ground
The Super* came and glanced around ;
When at the sight soon fell his brow
And, " How, my lads, what's happened now ?"
But well for the occasion tried
Our friends their pleas had, cut and dried,
And told with features pale with fright

* Bush term for overseer. Abbreviation of Superintendent.

The horrors of the previous night—
 Of dogs they vowed there were a score,
 But Mat he swore to thirty more.
 The Super, paused and answered trite,
 "'Gainst accidents it's ill to fight,
 We must, as we've no better way,
 Just make the best of things we may :
 The bullock-driver's now at large,
 You Ruff can take the team in charge,
 While we will leave the flocks in two
 And leave the largest, Hugh, with you,
 You'll manage them with your good bitch ;
 Now into work lads we must pitch.

Then all arrayed in old smock frocks,
 Until they looked like Bash-ba-zouks
 Engaged in some design of hell,
 With bloody hands to work they fell,
 And long ere eve their task was done ;
 But while the work was going on
 All were regaled with hearty drams.—
 So ends the poem of the lambs.

APOLOGY FOR SHOOTING MY OLD HORSE

My poor old horse, you harmless brute you,
 In faith, I'm sorely grieved to shoot you,

It seems a thankless turn to do thee,
 For all your faithful service to me ;
 How over many a weary journey,
 Though limping sorely, you have borne me,
 While I might set it down as granted
 That you would be at hand when wanted ;
 And in one point but few could match you,
 So void of tricks when I would catch you,
 While all your grub you had to fossick
 Upon the dry and stringy tussock.
 Alas ! my purse was oft so lanky,
 For little corn you had to thank me—
 I've found you still, I'll not dispute,
 A faithful, harmless, willing brute,
 Who did, at least, what you were able,
 With little hope of groom or stable.
 Last winter, too, when it was snowing,
 And sleety winds were keenly blowing,
 I felt so grieved to see you shiver,
 I said this year you'd have a cover ;
 And now that promise, with a bullet,
 It seems a hard way to fulfil it.
 But then, my poor old beast, what better
 Can I do now to mend the matter,
 Since to yourself you are a burden,
 Your leg no hope of cure affording ;
 And so the wish the act must pardon.
 Not that dead I care to see thee
 But from pain I'd like to free thee.
 Besides, were I to enfranchise thee,
 I hardly think I would do wisely,

Since of one acre I'm not master
On which you might at leave depasture ;
To turn you out would be so flagrant,
You'd just be treated as a vagrant,
While ev'ry cockatoo who found thee
Upon his ground would straight impound thee ;
And you'd be kicked about and driven
To des'prate shifts to get a living,
Till death itself were better meted
Than that you should be thus maltreated.
And in this world of strife and greed,
Where none have more than what they need,
When they have ceased their useful courses,
There's little room for men or horses.
Yet, though your case may hard appear,
My own may not be less severe,
There's little odds 'twixt me and thee,
Since fate will some day shoot at me,
And haply, too, may pull the trigger
When in the fullness of my vigour ;
While happy in your nothingness,
Your case may be infinite less.
For you there is no suit in lodgment,
But after death, with me, comes judgment ;
When if I fall beneath the curse,
Then I may wish in wild remorse
That I had only been a horse.
You'll think it mean to take your hide,
But after all that's only pride,
Something like our human passion

For burying in the mode of fashion,
 When really it matters nothing ;
 A blanket or a blazoned coffin,
 Since rare device, or sculptured forms
 Will hardly edify the worms.
 Your hide to you no more will profit,
 While I might make a little of it ;
 And the idea should content you,
 That it should serve as a memento
 Of the old horse that oft me carried,
 Long after you were dead and buried.
 Or it will serve some purpose rather
 Converted into good shoe leather ;
 Or a stockwhip to crack and rattle
 When mustering wild mobs of cattle,
 As you yourself have done before
 In youthful palmy days 'of yore,
 When arching neck, and fiery eyed
 You pranced and snorted in your pride ;
 Oft round the herd your gallop thundered
 Ere ring-bone maimed, or spavin foundered.
 And thus you would have still the pride
 Of must'ring with your plaited hide,
 Like the old English king in story
 With thoughts in death still grim and gory,
 Who gave stern orders to his sons
 To boil the flesh from off his bones,
 So that when well cleaned in the pots
 They might be used to scare the Scots.

 And now, good-bye, my poor old horsey,

I'll make your death pang swift in mercy.
But what is this ? my spirit fails me,
At the last hour remorse assails me ;
Then from the sentence I exempt thee,
As for thy hide it will not tempt me.
Then go, poor beast, and close in peace
The remnant of thy life's short lease,
And if there e'er should such a brute be
Who of the tussocks would dispute thee,
Confound him, he himself may shoot thee.*

TOMMY HUGHES.

A freak of my fancy, a whim of my muse,
Is this queer little sketch of my friend, Tommy
Hughes,

Who lives in the smallest of up-country shops
And drives a smart business in produce and slops,
He's a man of low stature, inclined to get stout,
With quiet-going manners, not soon put about,
With hands in his pocket, seeming aye in a muse ;
But a wide-awake brain has the same Tommy Hughes.

As a sharp man of business, a man of wise port,
So his engagements are many and varied in sort,

*My friend, Mr James Sutherland, who after two years patient endurance of the old horse's trespass, at length put this deferred sentence into effect, will, I presume, be hardly affected by this poetic ban.

For besides the small store, there is seen in his name
A farm and a mill and a share in a claim.
In judgment so clear, with measures well planned,
He is gaining in substance and wealth on each hand,
A decenter fellow ne'er stepped in two shoes—
But if you want a bargain just mind Tommy Hughes.

It's a queer old caboose where he trades in, no doubt,
With boxes and cases piled inside and out.
Herring-ribbed on the windows are two flaring bills
Touting Vinegar Bitters, a cure for all ills ;
Of soft and hard goods all kinds are crammed there,
The shelves lined with clothing, the roof with tin
ware,
Soap, tea, and tobacco, you're served in two two's—
But when you come to settle you'll know Tommy
Hughes.

There is not in the district a sheep or horse sale,
But with eyes turned to bus'ness, he's there without
fail,
Each lot that seems hopeful quite ready to buy,
From the horse in the stall to the hog in the sty ;
As he quietly stands by, with a wink or a beck,
He signals his bid when he lights on a spec',
And the fancy horse-dealer has no time to lose
Who'd be up-side in a bargain or cheat Tommy
Hughes.

The words on the lintel of T. Hughes and Co.
Show he has assistants to make the mare go.

For the store and the farm and the mill there is one,
As each man is gifted he's placed to his gun ;
Like the parts of a wheel, so they act in conclave,
These the spokes and the felloes, but Hughes is the
nave :

For a man of shrewd talents, a man of sound views,
There are few in Otago will match Tommy Hughes.

SUGGESTED FROM THE PERUSAL OF THE EVENTFUL LIFE OF CAPT. BARRY.

What thrilling incidents, illustrious Barry,
That stamp thee as a marvel in our age,
Thy tale records that made me spell-bound tarry
For a whole day o'er the eventful page,
Whose chequer'd scenes, with luck for each occasion,
Reminds one of the marvels of Munchausen.

No more our youths need read the tale of Crusoe,
Or travels of veracious Gulliver,
To fire their minds to enterprise, for whose
Pursues the details of thy life of stir
Within himself will feel his spirit shaken
With a great thought for some bold undertaking.

Truly, thou seemst to have been in fate's blanket
In thy strange life most comically tossed—
Now on whales' spoils enjoying fortune's banquet,
Then naked, cast upon a savage coast ;
When, presto ! the next turn in thy queer story,
'Mid love and fortune shows thee in thy glory.

With thy charmed life thou hast had many a flare-up
With savage foes, from the dread boomerang
Of the Australian, while the Madoc warhoop
Near thee at night in the lone forest rang ;
And Chinkies, Malays, Fiji cannibal,
All had a dab at thee, yet didst thou 'scape them all.

Nor yet with its amenities were dangers
In civil life around less manifold,
For what with rowdies, sharpers, and bushrangers,
No stout knight-errant in the days of old,
Beneath the ban of some malignant satyr,
Than thee was e'er more frequent in hot water.

Truly thy life has been one fevered bubble,
Closely pursuing fortune in her track,
Or when she slipped thee, with an active double,
Meeting her ladyship on another tack.
Not thine the habit o'er spilt milk to sorrow,
But, losing all one day, tried something fresh to-morrow.

In roaring trades, 'mid constant din and bustle,
Was still the rule of thine eccentric luck ;

As stout of heart as thou wert strong of muscle,
No new position ever found thee stuck,
While fractious friends—thy knock-'em-down per-
suasion—

Found a prompt logic that brooked no evasion.

Still with thy reckless motto, "Go day, come day."

But little served thee fortune's many lifts,
Yet with thine energy kept floating some way,
That now, when failed thy former clever shifts
As auctioneer, and publican, and butcher,
Fired thee anew to write a book and lecture.

But now that thou art with this pet scheme starring,

Say, meanest thou thine old mode to pursue,
And freely live, all future prospects barring?

Now, with thy helpless age so near in view,
Consider, sir, when this new mode grows shady,
Fortune again may not so quickly aid thee.

For, 'mid the scenes reviewed in quick transition,

In the mind's eye, in thine entralling tale,
One stubborn truth obtruding on the vision,
Evokes a thought that turns the stoutest palc—
That in the course of this descriptive tissue
Is spanned a lusty life—now near its final issue.

Thanks then, brave Captain, for the lesson given

In thy career, while 'voiding all its sins,
That points the truth, when by a purpose driven,
The strong-willed man his object ever wins.
Then, oh, may I, while years are swiftly going,
In duty's path be found as bravely doing.

HAPPY GO LUCKY.

(Written on the occasion of a mis-carriage of prospects.)

Here I am, there I am, happy go lucky,

A waif on the tide without prospect or aim,
Knocking about on life's shores hard and rocky,
With scarcely a pound or a thing to my name.

My plans have been smote with the blast of confusion,

That levelled in ruins my castles of air,
'Twixt the spirits of evil there seems some collusion
To baulk my designs and to keep me thread-bare.

To quietly sit down to some purpose and settle,

The task that so simple to others appears,
How to compass this object I know but as little
As I do the signs of the heavenly spheres.

Dame Fortune—the limmer, may sorrow consume
her,

Who makes me the victim of many a trick,
Whenever she seems in a special bad humour,
Will come out of her way just to give me a kick.

She'll pass o'er the shoddy, the mean, and the snobby,

Who for worldly advantage will wallow and crawl,
While she'll watch till I mount on some high-minded
hobby,

And then in the dust she will soon make me
sprawl.

There is something so callous, so fine in her malice,
As some gaudy bait in my way she will place,
When I stretch out my hand she will snatch back
her chalice,
And smite me with it a smart blow on the face.

Or if I should venture on some spec to enter,
Deceived by the gleam of some prospectus flash,
She'll stir up some scoundrel to take my debenture,
Who will praise my good nature and pocket my
cash.

Confound her and hang her—I'd almost said dang
her,
Although it is wicked and vulgar to swear—
But to be baffled by her in this manner,
A person for growling need not be a bear.

They say there's attraction in things of like action,
But I can't imagine how this can well be,
For if there's a duffer or brazen-faced buffer
Within reach, he is somehow attracted to me.

But still it's a failing at fate to keep railing,
Though fortune her sunbeams is scatt'ring free,
Which in pursuit of for years I've been trailing,
Yet not the least shimm'ring ere lighted on me.

Yet when this life's pleasures and opposite measures
Are fairly set off and the average seen,
There is such a margin of comfort and leisure
As leaves small occasion for murmurs and spleen.

In train locomotions are shocks and explosions,
And breakings and bruising when evils befall,
On land and the ocean are perils and commotions,
Yet scathless in limb I've escaped through them
all.

Then why should I grudge at my share of life's bud-
get,

In the world's either pole no comfort can dwell,
And though I may fail to drop on the "big" nugget.
Life's darker reversions may miss me as well.

Here I am, there I am, happy go lucky,
A man still unmarked in the battle of life;
Though often repulsed, still undaunted and plucky,
Resolved but with life to relinquish the strife.

MAGGIE'S AWA.

The lads of the station in late exultation,
Wha as happy as roosters did flutter and crawl,
Are noo sadly changed, and in deep tribulation,
They're a' so doun-hearted since Maggie's awa.
Maggie, the limmer,
Has seeming a glamor
Cast over their minds that has dizzened them a',
For Archie is dwining,
And Johnnie is pining,
And Callum is whining,
Since Maggie's awa.

McDonald the Piper noo vain tunes his chanter
To roose up their spirits with strathspeys and
reels,
Whose heart-stirring music before this mishanter
Had often put spirit and life in their heels ;
Oh, then in high fettle,
The boards they would rattle,
But noo you might bind ev'ry man with a straw.
Nor the Campbells are coming,
Nor the hornpipe of seamen,
Can keep up their leman
Since Maggie's awa.

Poor Callum the whole night lies tossing and
groaning,
You would think that his conscience was woke by
a crime,
Or by day some head-aching tune he keeps droning
With a voice that seems more like to greet a' the
time.

While Archie forlorn
Seems weary and worn ;
And although he says little, what words he lets fa'
Betray the sad willow
He keeps 'neath his pillow,
To mind o'er the billow
Where Maggie's awa.

Jack keeps in his hut in the gully, poor fellow,
To hide from rude eyes what he cannot disguise,

Though his black-a-vised visage each day grows more
sallow,

And the dark rings of sorrow are seen 'neath his
eyes.

The impudent rabbits,
Unchecked in their habits

Noo frisk roond his cottage wi' no sense o' awe ;
For Jack in weird fashion,
Uncombed and unwashen,
Sits wailing his passion
Since Maggie's awa.

Oh, sweet is the charm o' a dear loving woman
To soothe a man's troubles and brighten his life,
And if 'tis a weakness, the weakness is human,
To wish by oor ingle a snod sonsy wife.

And Maggie so comely,
With manners so homely,
Is a bait that ony wife-hunter might draw ;
But Maggie coquetting,
Each in his turn petting,
Has left them a' fretting
Since she gaed awa.

If this state of matters is left to go further,
Wha can tell to what sad event they may tend,
See that there will not be self-slaughter or murder
Come oot o' these troubles before they will end.
Such violent heart burning
To grief will be turning,
If Maggie won't soon mak't a matter of law

For whoso may get her,
The rest then may let her,
But they'll never get better
While she keeps awa

THE DOCTOR'S DAUGHTER

One eve in rev'rent mood I went
To church, to hear the parson preaching
With my whole mind devoutly bent
To listen to his pious teaching ;
When all my thoughts, thus gravely set,
Were put to sudden rout and slaughter,
As, passing by my seat, I met
The arch glance of the doctor's daughter.

With clust'ring locks of dark brown hair,
'Twould soon have posed me to determine—
Beguiled by her bright laughing air—
The verse and chapter of the sermon.
With form so limp, and waist so jimp,
And eyes as bright as limpid water,
And cheeks so pink—I could not think
Of aught else but the doctor's daughter.

Indeed, her influence was such
That all the worthy parson's preachment
Was lost on me, that doubtless much
Would have been to my soul's enrichment ;

But thoughts of vanity instead,
And other things that "didn't oughter,"
Came trooping idly through my head,
All through the doctor's wicked daughter.

But, oh ! that laughing glance's charm,—
That all my mental pow'rs bewitching,
Still made me fidget on my form,
And for another look keep itching—
When on her saucy, pretty face,
My eye delighted as it caught her,
A tender meaning seemed to trace,
Now fie upon the doctor's daughter.

Ah, bootlessly I risked the loss
Of what might have been joys Elysian ;
When that fair head's coquettish toss
Thus came between me and their vision ;
For with the term of " silly goose."
When subsequently I besought her,
She showed me of what little use
Such pains were for the doctor's daughter.

JOHNNIE BROWNLEE'S THRESHER.

Suggested on hearing the whistle of his engine on a
cold windy morning long before day-break.

Say gentle genius of rest,
From Johnnie why hast thou gone further,

What wakeful demon haunts his breast,
Or has the man committed murder ?
That at the time when other folk
Leave worldly cares far distant looming,
Yet ev'ry hour their sleep is broke
By Johnnie Brownlee's thresher booming.

Has he some kinship to the owl ?
Or has he got a threshing fever ?
That day and night, fair sky or foul,
His thresher seems to go for ever.
When Boreas blusters wild and wet,
With sleety show'rs the body numbing,
Yet any time, somewhere, I'll bet,
You will hear Brownlee's thresher bumming.

While like some horror-haunted sprite,
Or weird like owlet screeching eerie
Through all the small hours of the night
Is heard his whistle ringing dreary.
Once 'neath the spell of the nightmare
I felt some dreadful thing was coming,
When waking up in startled fear
I found 'twas Brownlee's thresher bumming.

Howe'er his men such strain can keep,
I'm sure my mind it fairly poses,
Who evidently must their sleep
Just snatch by intermittent doses.
While Cockie's wives will cry I wot—
In wild confusion board and dresser—

Kept day and night upon the trot,
" Oh, bother Johnnie and his thresher."

If those wise heads—as some there be
Who scout thoughts of perpetual motion,
To Crookston would come up, you'd see
How quickly they would change their notion,
As midnight when the sky was clear,
Or day-break when the clouds were glooming,
They thus incessantly would hear
The sounds of Brownlee's thresher booming.

ON THE OCCASION OF THE HARVEST HOME AT GLENKENNICH.

Though harvest-weather dull for weeks
Made farmers melancholy,
Young folks inspired by young folks' freaks,
Regarding care as folly,
At 'Kennich's glen resolved to tax
One night for pleasure solely ;
And well supplied with tea and cakes.
In faith they did it bully
All through that night
Who for the church or night of prayer
Would scarcely risk a wetting,
But for a dance would venture there,

Although the sky was sleeting.
How much more when the night was fair,
And the full moon entreating,
Would they in eager crowds repair
Unto the merry meeting,
Full gay that night.

And soon in earnest stirred the fun,
Until the room felt breezy,
As round and round the couples spun,
To watch them made one dizzy :
And graceful looked the girls each one
As they swung through the mazy,
Till by their charms in secret won
I fear some lads half crazy
Were made that night.

For Irish jigs or rude Scotch reels
Our party little savoured ;
But waltzes, galops, and quadrilles,
As more refined they favoured.
While our M.C., in tireless zeal,
His very best endeavoured ;
And to inspire the dancers' heels
The fiddlers scraped and quavered
Like mad that night.

Full twenty couples on the floor
At once the boards indented,
Who, seen hopping 'mid the stour,
Appeared like folk demented ;
As though backed for some wagered score

To dance 'gainst time they meant it,
While witnessing their labours sore,
The ladies' cheeks seemed painted,
So flushed that night.

Oh, happy swains whose supple pegs
Are trained to hop like flunkeys,
As girls but then have eyes for legs,
Though these belong to monkeys.
And those who cannot shake theirs, fegs !
Are deemed no more than "Chinkies,"
Or left, like clocking hens, on eggs,
Or like so many donkeys,
By them that night.

Fie, fie, my muse, thou'rt cynic now,
But is't a way to right it,
When maids would slight thy frosting pow,
With satire to requite it.
These but their nat'ral instincts show,
Then hold the dears respited,
And the enjoyments grudge not thou,
That them erewhile delighted
So much that night,

Then I will hope, unscared, though some
May rate me as a roué,
That all these fair ones in that room,
Next year when fields are dewy,
From all the neighbouring farms may come,
And round from Tapanui,
And keep another harvest home

So blythe, out at the Koi,
As on that night.

THE MORALIST.

One evening late, I chanced to pass,
Musing profound as is my wont,
The space where the bright flaring gas
Revealed a hotel's stately front;
When on my startled ears at once
A voice that made my cheek turn wan
Pronounced, in deep sepulchral tones,
"My human friend, there was a man."

I looked and saw, with awe profound,
A little man with aspect weird ;
His arm the pavement post hooked round,
And misty eyes and hoary beard ;
Who as he met my astonished gaze,
Again benignantly began
The wildly enigmatic phrase,
"My human friend, there was a man."

I thought of him whose mournful ode
So moved the gentle Bard of Ayr,
And as from such, in reverend mood,
For something great I did prepare ;
Yet still the sum of his discourse,

With teasing iteration ran
On this one point—no more, nor worse—
“My human friend, there was a man.”

“What of that man,” at length I said,
“Of whom you seem in such a stew ?
What was his name, how was he bred
Or what the mischief did he do ? ”
To these words, then, he did vouchsafe
No repartee more lucid than—
His head moved with a mournful wave—
“My human friend, there was a man.”

My temp'rament, at no time meek,
Now all restraints of patience broke,
And, seizing him by the coat neck,
The maudlin sage I roughly shook.
“Now what about this man, at once,”
I hotly said, “state if you can ; ”
Low, sad, and deep came the response,
“My human friend, there was a man.”

I thundered out in tow'ring rage—
“You old humbug, I, by your mode,
Deemed you some philosophic sage,
And find you're but a drunken fraud.”
Then from my monitory kick
He reeled, but cried still as he ran
And turned the corner double-quick,
“My human friend, there was a man.”

LINES ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND ON HIS
EXCHANGING BOOTS.

Dear friend, though not passionate, but
My mind to a test this fair puts,
When a fellow comes into my hut
And coolly walks off with my boots.

'Tis not that I'm "stuck up" or vain,
Like some coxcombs or foppish "galoots,"
Whose sole labour and thought of their brain
Concerns but their dress and their boots.

But then I like whiles to look neat,
And though dressed in the best of my suits,
I ne'er fancy my toilette complete
If wanting my Wellington boots.

And the matter that most makes me grieve
Was your sly way of going, hout touts !
Without so much as "My friend, by your leave,,
I'll just take the loan of your boots."

But when I was out, I declare
Cock-fighting it fairly confutes,
To leave me your shabby old pair
In lieu of my Wellington boots.

I have read of the wars of the Turk
Their burnings their sacks, and pursuits,

But who ever heard tell of such work,
To rob a poor man of his boots.

On the subject no more need be said ;
But to settle all further disputes,
I think you might wait till I'm dead
Before you step into my boots.

THE TAPANUI BOYS.

Suggested on the occasion of a benefit Concert for a widow.

Bravo to you Tapanui,
Where the mountains tow'r above,
And the bell bird and the tui,
Make musical each grove ;
And in keeping with the merits
Of its more romantic joys,
Are the free and open spirits
Of the Tapanui boys.

Though employment is no better,
And plenishing's as dear,
And money, for that matter,
Scarce here as 'tis elsewhere ;
Yet few you'll find more willing,
Or with less fuss and noise,

Part freer with a shilling
Than the Tapanui Boys.

When in a home the shadow
Hangs chilling o'er life's bourne,
And the orphan and the widow
In desolation mourn ;
Then with warm ardour stirred on,
Unanimous in voice,
At once to ease their burden
Step the Tapanui Boys.

There are woods more richly laden,
And brighter skies than ours,
Where th' ease surfeited maiden
Droops 'mid her scented bow'rs ;
Yet in love's unbidden labours,
May well their equipoise
Hold 'gainst more favoured neighbours
All our Tapanui Boys.

And Tapanui lassies
Have charms of form and mind,
That admiration classes
As high among their kind ;
Not wont of art to borrow,
And despising vain decoys,
They just seem helpmeets thorough
For the Tapanui Boys.

ON JAMES A. MOONEY.

Close up the ranks; another shot from Death's
artillery

Has in our midst smote down a form that late
familiarily

With int'rests of the public weal, in public mart or
hall,

Has been identified so long, and zealous found in all

Close up the ranks and fill his void, though shudder-
ing at his doom.

So swift, so suddenly cut down in manhood's sprightly
bloom;

Whom though irregularities gave somewhat room
to ban,

Yet to the test of innate worth was always proved a
man.

Him now the place shall know no more, so well-
known there erewhile,

The brave, the kind, the affable, who had for all a
smile,

Who now companion to the worm lies silently and
cold,

And of his stalwart form but shows a mound of
churchyard mould.

Ah, sirs, of Death what think ye now? How near
his grizzly shape!

In view of which youth's pride is nought, and boot-
less to escape
The confidence of present health or boast of vig'rous
might;
For in his will whom Death obeys is seen our sole
respite.

Then close your ranks again, and march on to your
several aims,
For life, while life remains to each, has still its active
claims.
In our late comrade's fate we see the common lot of
all;
But he who strives at duty's post such lot need not
appal.

ON THE DEATH OF AGNES CRAWFORD.

(A twin sister.)

Death, when life secure seemed nodding,
Again o'er all its shadow cast,
At whose apparition sudden
The most thoughtless looked aghast.

And without respite the smallest
Grief reigns in one darkened cot—
Rachel weeping and unsolaced,
For the dear one who is not.

And a dove, bereaved, is cooing
For its lost companion fair,
Who, in-coming and out-going,
Seemed so late a comely pair.

They were birds so much of feather,
Form and temp'rament the same,
That together, which was either
Posed the oldest friend to name.

With these laughing puzzles many
Cruel death has done away ;
Now that he has borne off Nanny,
Any child can point out May.

Oh it seems a cruel sorrow,
From her home so sudden torn,
Where her loving winsome marrow
Now pines mateless and forlorn.

Yet ye mourners, God, in mercy
With the cloud displays the bow ;
Though His judgments none may foresee
When He'll smite, or why the blow.

Weep not for that twin-chord broken,
That now of your Father's love
Serves you as a double token—
One below and one above.



TO MY FRIEND, D. D.

While at my work each day, dear Dave—

Task-bound from morn to eve I slave—

Mixed fancies still take wing :

And some are bright with hope and joy,

While more, with mem'ries that annoy,

Are dark and shadowing.

These in a form now cast I would,

Of which thou might'st approve,

If I could but compel my mood

Into a rhyming groove—

That wanders, meanders

With ev'ry passing whim,

Than entering and centering

Its powers on the theme.

Now when the lark its carols gay

Sings in the skies the livelong day,

From morn to dewy eve,

And lambs are bleating 'mong the braes

That, quickened with the summer's rays,

Are springing fresh and green ;

When Nature has pranked her gay robes

With flow'rs and squares of green,

Until each pulse more buoyant throbs

At each more pleasing scene ;

Then vaulting, exulting,

Our grateful thoughts recall,
Whilst wond'ring and pond'ring,
The maker of them all.

While thoughts like these our hearts should raise,
To see for gratitude and praise

How ample we have room,
Yet still we know what times there are,
When preys to doubt and selfish care,

Our minds are draped in gloom ;

While life's ideal we will pitch

On Mammon's slipp'ry hill,

We, ever labouring to reach,

Increase our sorrows still ;

Thus straining and gaining,

Our lots we still deplore,

Tho' freighted, unsated,

While others still have more.

"It's not in land, nor yet in kine,
Nor bank accounts, nor ready coin—"*

Tho' these life's stony road

May cover with a carpet rare :

Thro' that the prickly thorns of care—

The shrinking flesh will goad,

To me nought seems more truly void

Than, for its sake alone,

A life in hoarding gain employed ;

When Death resumes its own,

How vain then, insane then,

* Burns' Epistle to Davy.

That life with joy uncrowned,
And saving—and leaving
So many thousand pounds.

In the pursuit of earthly bliss
I'd ask no more than Agur's wish :
 To be nor rich nor poor,
Not more than could keep pride aloof,
Nor less than would the hungry wolf
 Of want scare from the door ;
With so much toil my time to speed
 As would enhance its boon,
And means to spare a friendly deed
 As I saw opportune.
 Then daily and gaily
 I'd live with quickened pow'r,
Nor sighing, but joying
 In ev'ry passing hour.

I often think 'twould ease my care,
Could I but find a gentle fair
 In whom I could confide—
One comely, kind, and chaste, to fill
With constant love and patient will
 My bosom's aching void,
Whose tasteful pride would make my house
 A very joy on earth,
Where friends might come to gather crouse
 Around a glowing hearth :
 Then tarrying, nor worrying
 For prospects yet to come,

Life's passage fleet I'd passive meet
In my established home.

I've read that seas of tropic climes
But for the fall of storms betimes
 Would quickly putrefy ;
And thus in life it haps about,
For none the course can just map out
 In which true peace doth lie ;
But that consists not all in rest,
 Since sloth might supervene,
And life but gets a keener zest
 With calms and gusts between.
 In earning and learning
 Our truest pleasure lies ;
 In duties life's beauties
 We are taught more to prize.

But ah ! my friend, if poor or rich,
Our moral parts this scarce can touch ;
 Then let us rather brood,
In whatsoever station here,
How we may fill a useful sphere
 To swell the gen'ral good,
And ever in the cause of right
 To battle firm and brave,
So that our mem'ries may not quite
 Be buried in our grave ;
 Our tombs, when it comes then,
 With weeds are overgrown,
Our lives will survive still
 In works that we have done.

Ah, me ! how sad to me's the theme,
When my life's wide meand'ring stream
 I backward follow round,
That erst to me with plenteous hopes
Was like a rare view, that a copse
 At once relieved and bound ;
Where, letting thoughts go with the winds,
 With dull abstracted air
I sauntered on to the confines,
And found beyond all bare.
 Thus fearless, thus careless,
 My course erewhile I led ;
 Thus dreary, thus eerie,
 The view looks now ahead.

Now I would fain, with earnest toils,
Seek yet to wrest some worthy spoils
 From years that may remain,
And with my talent shining bright,
Nor left to rust in mean respite,
 Strive some proud goal to gain ;
Nor own a mean ignoble part,
 Nor an acquaintance claim
Whose fellowship might tend to thwart
 This purport's lofty aim.
 But, Davy, believe me,
 While virtues will commend
At heart still your parts will
 Secure you as a friend.

EVIL COMMUNICATIONS CORRUPT GOOD MANNERS.

You say no harm attends a flippant tongue,
 Whilst I, my friend, as plainly say you're wrong.
A naughty tongue will kindle Tophet's flames—
 A world of sin, if there be truth in James.
With men in general this truth you'll find—
 That words are but the index to the mind ;
And they who clothe their thoughts in brutal phrase
 Display low minds whose tastes are ever base ;
And when I hear a dressed man thus express,
 *My instant marvel is what made him dress,
As all his toilette's pains seem but designed
 To show the contrast 'twixt his form and mind.
How strange it is that there should e'er exist
 'Mong educated men so vile a taste !
And stranger still—will wonders never end ?—
 That some should such degraded tastes defend,
And who, while wearing virtue's spotless gown,
 Will laugh at what fair virtue's mind should frown.
Away from me such thoughts, such low desires,
 My soul for nobler, higher things aspires.
Mine be the soul, the even-balanced mind,
 With lofty thoughts and chaste desires refined ;
That curbs all ruder thoughts with stern control,
 And all that tendeth to debase the soul.
Oh ! low delights ; oh ! sensual pleasures vile,
 Are these to be the ends of all our toil ?
And is't for this our sordid spirits crave,

* "Spectator."

Or is there not a hope beyond the grave ?
And shall we still be ever looking down
†To gather dusts and straws, and miss the crown ?
And still mispend the time which cannot last,
And find with aching hearts when that is past
And in the yellow leaf we're fading sere
That all these hollow joys have cost us dear,
For which our lasting peace has been estranged
And future hopes of happiness exchanged.
Be sure the idle words we utter here
In judgment 'gainst us shall each one appear,
And by their witness shall we stand or fall
When the dread judge upon our names shall call.

OTAGO

(A fragment.)

How dreary seem Otago's hills,
Where wond'ring fancy strangely fills,
'Mid scenes in gloomy grandeur laid,
With mountains wild around arrayed ;
Where underneath a fickle sky
The cloudy tempests ceaseless fly ;
And brawling Boreas raves at will,
And torrents foam by ev'ry hill,

† " Pilgrim's Progress."

And dang'rous rivers down the steep
Sweep madly onward to the deep.

From ev'ry height in wide survey
The hills and mountains spread away
In wild confusion heaved and crossed,
Like billows in the ocean tossed.
On one side sudden stops the chain
Abruptly, frowning on the plain,
While all around, besides, the view
Is met by the same sombre hue
Of naked hills confusedly piled,
And mountains tow'ring bleak and wild ;
While in the far background appear
Dark ranges, rising tier on tier,
Till, looming high among the clouds,
Some hoary mount its crest enshrouds.

A MOTHER'S GRAVE.

Hush ! thoughts of toil, while gazing here,
Give place to the unbidden tear ;
Ambition, passion cease to rave,
While gazing on my mother's grave.

Oh ! hallowed spot of God's wide earth
That holds her form that gave me birth,

Your very flow'rs are dear that wave
Luxuriant o'er my mother's grave.

With childhood's mem'ries interwove
A world of gentleness and love :
All that a yearning heart could crave ;
And all within this narrow grave !

What, all ? Ah, no ; my soul adores,
For high that ransomed spirit soars,
Washed in His blood who died to save ;
'Tis but her dust lies in the grave.

TO AILEEN.

Oh, Aileen dear, I marvel well
That thou shouldst be so frozen,
And that so hard a heart should dwell
Within so soft a bosom.
But well I know thy haughty pride,
And thy proud soul's ambition,
Whose lofty aims would but deride
My friendless low condition.

But on this plain truth ponder well,
Dear Aileen, at thy leisure—
Within a common oyster shell
Is oft concealed a treasure.

As flow'rs from water droop and fade,
So oft in life's creation
Will blighted hopes reward the maid
Who slights true love for station.

THE QUARREL.

When working in the field one day
At once two men beside me quarrelled,
And like two dogs on for a fray,
So savagely at each they snarled.

One said the other was a liar,
Who quick rejoined he was another,
When both with faces red with ire
Looked hard at each and swore together.

Then loud their tones of wrath ascend,
And fearfully the oaths did ratt le ;
Till, as such fights so often end,
The hardest swearer won the battle.

ON TWO BELLIGERENT NEWSPAPER POETS:

To ascend the hill Parnassus
(Once there went a pair of asses ;
But finding climbing too much bother,
They stood braying at each other.

A MEDITATION.

The sun had closed another weary day,
And hard-tasked labour's toils awhile did spare ;
Light had made place for shades of evening grey
That closed around. Silence was reigning there,
When, wandering forthward on the steps of care—
Pressed by dull thoughts that 'gendered fancies
keen—

I strangely strove with meditative air,
To separate, as from a tangled skien,
The thoughts that crowded in my mind's conflict-
ing scene.

Here led by fate to a New Zealand gorge—
Erewhile on earth a wand'rer dull and "slow"—
I now would view life's current round me surge,
And read a lesson from the plain below,
Where cultured farms in fertile beauty grow,
And smiling homes embow'ed in waving trees
That stand like sentinels in stately row
To shield the dwellings from the wintry breeze—
A peaceful perfect picture of contented ease.

Here, what of late was but a lonely weald,
Now choicest grain each spring returning bears,
And lowing kine feed in rich pastured field ;
The fruit of toil in triumph here appears,
Where ev'ry field declares the work of years—
Of pristine wildness by the plough been won ;

While sturdy arms, enlarging still their spheres,
Pursue their work from dawn till setting sun ;
And each successive year shows something tried
and done.*

And now the wintry winds may rave and blow ;
The settlers by their hearth-sides dry and warm
Can bid defiance to the frost and snow,
Nursed with the comforts of each well stored
farm.

And still attentive to the bell's alarm
When the blessed Sabbath loosens worldly care,
Along the road in decent groups they swarm,
And to God's house with ordered steps repair,
To join with rev'rent mien in holy, earnest pray'r,

And thou, poor wight, so apt to dream and rhyme,
But worldly wisdom so unapt to know,
For all those years of manhood's flush and prime
What is thy boast? What labour canst thou show
'Gainst helpless age, the prodigal's worst foe ?
What preparation hath thy foresight made
When strength shall fail, and hopes are quenched
and low ?

Now even en'tring life's declining shade,
A frowning heaven bending o'er thy naked head.

The unreas'ning brute will for the storm prepare,
And seek a shelter from the raging blast.
In some close cell awaits the dormant bear

* Longfellow's "Village Blacksmith."

Until the Arctic's howling reign is past ;
The puny tribes, armed with a wise forecast,
Will toil in summer for their winter's food,
And housed, and dry, live on their stores amassed,
Whilst the storm roars inclemently and rude.
Thou only seem'st with care and prudence unendued.

Yet still is this a good and favoured land,
Where life's supplies in rude abundance flow ;
No wretches here seek bounty from each hand,
With tattered robes and features pinched with woe ;
Nor men like serfs condemned to cringe and bow
Before the will of some agrarian lord,
With o'ertasked muscles, for a pittance low ;
But sturdy toil here meets a due reward,
And hopes of competence its prospects still afford.

Yet thirer of gain here claims incessant toil,
That tendeth homely comforts to ignore ;
Success but adds unto the wild turmoil—
Each step attained displays a step before ;—
The grasper struggles to enrich his store,
And with these still accumulates his cares ;
At length he leaves an all unfinished score,
And o'er his grave a monument appears—
A poor requital for so many toils and fears !

But honest gain will still respect command ;
Wealth well applied has blessings in its womb ;
If to do good we hold an open hand
For the mere pleasure that shall flow therefrom,
And he will sink into an honoured tomb

Who chiefly sought the welfare of his kind—
With a fair promise of a brighter home ;—
Who proved on earth to selfish int'rests blind,
And left in God-like works his " deep foot-prints " behind.

Like arrows darting from a strong man's bow,
That swiftly reach their zenith in the air,
Ere we can tell their mode of flight, or how ;
So human life, in youth that starts so fair ;
Of golden hopes all have their ample share,
And day dreams gild the future of each one ;
But age and pain replace their prospects rare,
And then with all those hopes that brightly shone,
They drop into their graves—scarce missed, scarce mourned when gone.

Time like a mighty water-wheel appears,
And high in space is poised its central nave ;
Its radiating spokes the circling years,
Whose motive pow'r th' eternal's fiat gave ;
And as it slowly rears the human wave
Is dropping off in countless show'rs of spray,
Until the world seems one extensive grave ;
And still the fabric will pursue its way
Magnificently on until the Judgment Day.

What then, ye proud ? How then, ye puny great ?
What boots your titles and ambitions dear,
Who of this world will not one jot abate—
As if ye always would continue here ?
Kings of the earth—yea, men of might and fear—

Who raised a tumult in their fleeting day,
On Time's great wheel how futile they appear—
Their splendour but some larger drops of spray,
Whose weight to the abyss but lends more head-
long way.

What, then, is peace? or how shall it appear
That life is not a boon bestowed in vain?
If fame and fortune are but figments here,
How can we life's true purpose ascertain?
The path of duty lying in our train
Still shows the way when dubiously perplexed,
To act as stewards of entrusted gain.
Now in this world we see the opening text;
But for life's full discourse we look unto the next.

Yon frugal farmer is both great and wise
Who on the truth a firm foundation lays,
And sees a virtuous offspring round him rise,
All early nurtured in Jehovah's way;
He, nursed by them, in life's declining days
In peace shall rest from all his labours done.
How poor to this the monarch's sanguine bays!
Who through thick slaughtered hosts may gain his
throne,
But that for happiness and peace can ne'er atone.

Ah! fair is virtue in this world revealed,
Where so much guile and hollowness is seen;
'Tis like, in summer, half among trees concealed,
A stream meand'ring clear through nature's green.
The ploughman, hieing from his work at e'en,

His wearied, foam-flecked beasts brings to the
brink,
Which greedy thrust their quiv'ring nostrils in
And eagerly absorb the cooling drink.
So, sweet refreshing thoughts with virtue ever link.

Then let me choose this wisdom as my best,
Nor for a dubious prize unduly strain,
But make each act to conscience take the test,
Though tardy fortune lingers on the plain ;
And ceaseless strive this knowledge to attain,
What end to me hath been allotted o'er
(Lest, haply, from my God's work I refrain,
And fail his wondrous mercies to explore);
With humble zeal I then may strive to serve him
more and more.

But I would mourn a youth that's fled too soon ;
Though even here is seen a hopeful ray,
As oft we find a glorious afternoon
Reverse the clouds of the fore-running day.
Then let me on this hope of comfort stay,
And in life's battle still fight bravely on,
That when I come in death my head to lay,
Some little good that I may yet have done
Among my friends, may prove my best memorial
stone.

The generations coming to the birth
Proclaim God's mercy with the op'ning year ;
Who to the brutes that bring their offspring forth
Hath left the charge their helpless young to rear ;

The orphan'd lamb finds pity in his ear
That 'neath a bush lays wasted down to die ;
He guides the shepherd to befriend him near,
Whose heart bleeds inly at the moving cry :
So he doth succour all who on his grace rely.

CASTLE GAY.

A domestic poem, to R. B. Heriot respectfully inscribed.

I.

'Tis now long years since to this shore,
While yet the colony was young,
I came, in worldly substance poor,
But with youth's ardor highly strung.
My Jean was then but late a bride,
Her cheeks fresh with the rose's bloom,
Who lightly with me rode and tied
As fortune's hill we slowly clomb.

But arduous years of steady graft,
In summer's heat and winter's storm,
Returned us in due time a draft
For a good thousand-acre farm.
Yet corn was cheap and labour dear,
And borrowed int'rest sorely dragged,
Till we experienced year by year
That still our easy prospects lagged.

Yet still we toiled, in prospect cheered
That we with dilligence might raise
Our place o'er all encumbrance cleared,
And quietly spend our dwining days.
And thus we schemed and thus we planned
On such a goal alone intent,
So Fortune's ever shifting wand
Yields man his measure of content.

II.

The early summer's sun at noon
Shone on the field with sultry ray,
Where we already had begun
The toilsome harvest of the hay.
That hour had come when Jeannie's care
The swelt'ring harvesters regaled
With tea and cakes, a dainty fare
That heat-parched toilers gladly hailed.

And Jessie—then but bare thirteen,
With rosy cheeks and mirthful eye,
Like what her mother once had been—
In sight was quickly drawing nigh.
My scythe I buried in the swathe,
And the warm drops that freely oozed,
And all my hair and face did bathe,
Wiped off while on the ground reposed.

I inly sighed, "O happy folk
In whose smooth lots there lies no crook*
Who in your duties' stiffest yoke
No swelt'ring heat or hardship brook ;

* The Crook in the Lot.—BOSTON.

But would you choose awhile to toil
Till fairly fagged, then what a boon
To you would prove the lazy coil
Throughout the sultry hours of noon "

My lassie here came to a stand,
And as she laid her burden down
She placed a letter in my hand
Whose superscription seemed unknown.
One might have bound me with a straw ;—
For my amazement knew no bounds
When I found I was heir-at-law
To fully twenty thousand pounds.

III.

When Jean, to whom I sped, heard tell
How by a distant kinsman's death
The sudden fortune that befell,
The tidings seemed to take her breath ;
And as incredulous she gazed,
Unto my heart I pressed the dear,
Whose love so oft my toils had eased
And soothed my burden and my care.

Then as her situation dawned
With its new prospects outlined clear,
Her woman's mind fled far beyond
Her hitherto contented sphere :
"Of course we now must live more fine,
And sell this old place right away,
And buy a run—" "Tuts, wife of mine,"
I answered her, "you're all astray.

“ I’ve noted much life’s social grades
And all the windings thereanent,
And saw enough to know such aids
Alone ne’er yielded due content ;
While with more anxious fears entailed,
Pride gives no surcease to the mind,
Where ev’ry hill with labour scaled
Still shows a higher range behind.

“ Believe me in the high career
Both peace and ease less seldom lie
Than in the free familiar sphere
Where one his gifts may best apply ;
And I would sooner to do good
Amid the heat and bracing breeze
Employ my life, than that my blood
Should suppurate in cushioned ease.

“ For boots not wealth, nor station boots
But when sufficed to realise,
So that for needful benefits
We might o’er selfish int’rests rise.
Then why should we ourselves constrain
To fill some high ungenial sphere,
When all the means our wealth would gain
Would serve us more effective here.

“ While with this capital outlaid
Our land would quickly reproduce
What would insure us with its aid
To bid to future cares a truce.
While Fortune yields an annual store,

Far o'er our hopes once dreamt of e'er,
Instead of casting to win more,
We'll live in fortune ev'ry year.

"Nor seek in lands 'neath other skies
For bliss, when this in time improved
May be an earthly paradise
Yet more familiarly beloved.
While we at once will start to build
A place that will our fancies test,
Which we as folk whose hopes are filled
Through life will look to as our nest.

"Where thou dispensing good through life,
Without one gen'rous wish denied
By prudent fears, a *leal good wife*
Will in thy matron grace preside.
And I, without one wish or plan
Beyond a yeoman's plain degree,
As lief will be the *douce guid man*
Of hospitable favours free."

IV.

And thus for happiness I schemed,
And laid my plans that time matured,
Determined on a course I deemed
That both content and ease insured.
For labour sweetens health and life,
But needy cares embitter toil,
Yet with no cause for life's bare strife,
With work I'd lassitude beguile.

And I resolved no sons of mine,
From weak command, or pride, or both,
Should be as young gents superfine
Brought up in uselessness and sloth.
But I would train my hardy boys
To hold the plough and mow and bind,
Each striving in as plain a guise,
As any other country hind.

But not that they should slave and drudge
Till labour bowed their pliant forms,
Would I desire or means begrudge
To view the city's fairer charms;
While as their hands in toil waxed skilled,
Still I would have their minds expand,
That in the parlor or the field
As equals they might always stand.

So work would be, when to be done,
With hearty int'rest exercised,
Or that to play would be foregone
When Nature the respite advised.
From mine my sons might then discern
Views of their own in future years,
While of the wife the girls could learn
As much for their own special spheres.

V.

A[down that the lake's prospect scanned.
Long marked by me before, I chose,
Where in continuance duly planned
A stately mansion soon arose.

In it fair architectural taste
With use commodious blended meet,
With bedrooms o'er the garden placed
In virtue of an old conceit.

Along the wall beneath where shed
The earliest beams of purpling day,
A grove of various shrubs was spread
That bloomed in Spring with blossoms gay ;
O'er this a net of brass wire twined,
The whole as in a cage enclosed,
Where song birds rare of many a kind,
The drowsy sleepers early roused ;

And through the centre of the grove
A graceful path was trained to wind,
Where one or more at will might rove,
A spring-door closing swift behind.
But there I thought it shame to coop
The lark so small, yet great in mind,
Which skyward wont to soar, would droop,
If 'neath St. Peter's dome confined.

From there the garden spread superb,
With trim walks kept with constant care,
Where fruitful tree and kitchen herb
Alternated with gay paterre
A belt of bush thence closed the view,
And screened the lake that spread beyond,
Save where its waters gleaming through
The openings, seemed smooth as a pond!

In all this, prodigal of cost,
I halted not in my design,
Till (all my taste in it engrossed)
I fashioned out its utmost line
This much I did, so that my boys
In after years when moved to roam,
Might ne'er be led in quest of joys
Unknown in their paternal home.

For now removed from want's excuse,
And with a spirit set above
Mere hoarding wealth, wealth's proper use
Would hence be my fixed aim to prove ;
And with this purpose understood,
That gen'rous thoughts should hence have
play
To brighten life, in sportive mood
I named my structure Castle Gay.

VI.

Bright shone th' auspicious day when come
That all these building labours closed,
And in our stately mansion home
At length beheld us all composed ;
But scarcely were we there bestowed
When the next anxious query grew
What to do with the old abode,
Whose presence sadly marred the new.

Some moved to level it at once,
But I objected : " Let it bide,
"Twill answer well there for the nonce

If as a foil to future pride,
In years to come, when the surfeit
Of wealth might puff the rising young,
'Twould soon dispose them to forget
The humble source from whence they sprung.

"But this in prominent outlook
Will tell them how their parents toiled,
And gladly fared in that quiet nook
Lang syne e'er fortune on them smiled.
And should we here as happ'ly dwell
As in the old ere fortune's ray
Shone on our lot, bestowed right well
Will be its name of Castle Gay."

VII.

My team had Willie Lamont worked
Now for two years, in whom I had
Well pleased since his arrival marked
As a nice, sober, quiet lad.
In handling steeds justly extolled,
In ev'ry branch of farmwork skilled,
And few with him a plough could hold,
Or show a prettier furrowed field.

But though reserved through modest worth,
I shrewdly guessed what Willie felt,
As when at night beside the hearth
I marked where his eyes oft'nest dwelt ;
Where Lizzie, Jeanie's servant lass,
Moved at her work, or sat and wove.

Whose mirthful glance and comely face
A colder stoic well might move.

Fair, comely, well-proportioned, tall,
Of love th' expression of the verb,
Kind, unaffected, frank in all,
A woman modelled out superb ;
And sprightly gallants not a few
At ev'ry festive gath'ring near,
With many a thriving cockatoo,
Strove for the right to bring her there.

'Twas then I marked as 'neath a cloud
The eyes of Willie deeper shone,
Although no word escaped aloud—
For skill in dancing Will had none.
Yet still he strove with purpose stern
To curb a hope and bid it cease,
As what might ne'er himself concern,
That withal plainly sapped his peace.

And Willie whistled at the plough,
Thus to dissemble what he thought ;
And Lizzie laughed, unconscious how
Her charms with Will such mischief wrou
On this with Jean I held commune,
To hazard there a friendly word
For two hearts singly out of tune,
That Nature plainly meant should chord.

VIII.

“ Well, Willie, lad, the beasts seem warm,
At the rig end set in and spell,

I want to speak about the farm,
And something to yourself as well.
It's now two years since you came here,
And we're used to each other's ways,
And I can't see what's to deter
You staying on here all your days.

"Just settle here and take a mate—
There's Lizzie now, a strapping lass;
Now Willie, man, I'll say you're blate
If e'er you let that lassie pass."
His eyes bright flashed, his cheek quick flushed:
"What can a common ploughman do?
For Lizzie could have, if she wished,
A storekeeper or cockatoo."

"A common ploughman, Willie! fie!
When I came here with empty purse,
More than a ploughman what was I?
And am I now for that the worse.
Should one though wanting fortune's gloss,
His merits less for that cause scan;
Wealth is but the superfluous dross,
Of which the pure ore is the man.

"Though honest toil should stain the face,
Should one the less for that keep mute,
And in shamefacedness sheer give place
Before a richer rival's suit?
Nor need it to disquiet your mind,
Your lot obscure and prospects bare,

For with your pay as my head hind,
She need not blush your lot to share.

“ And for a house, the one we’ve left,
Where we for years did happ’ly dwell,
You’re welcome to, and as a gift
I’ll plenish it for you as well.”
This much I spoke to him and more,
To clearly prove how wise this plan,
Till Will, with hopes depressed before,
Seemed all at once another man.

While I could see, though bashful still,
With words all impotent to thank,
How deep such int’reast in his weal
Within his grateful bosom sank.
That night in Jeannie’s laughing glance,
Without a word required to put,
I saw with Lizzie what advance,
She’d made in prompting Willie’s suit.

While Lizzie too, as Will came ben,
Glanced quickly up with conscious eye,
Though ’twould be hard to say just then
Which of the two appeared most shy.
And then ensued the bliss of youth
In fond loves met, nor long delayed
Its consummation, and in sooth
A comely sonsy pair they made.

And in my old home they were placed,
That as a present to the bride

I furnished had with careful taste,
Well pleased to see't thus occupied.
That with its willow-shaded brook,
And tall blue-gums half mile away,
Imparted a sweet rural look
Unto the view from Castle Gay.

IX.

And now with fortune's smiles content,
My aim thenceforth with cheerful air
Was to jog on with brows unbent
From further thoughts of worldly care.
For wealth in use I'd sooner spend,
Than see its blessings rendered nil,
Stored up to serve the dreary end
Of furnishing a pompous will.

One thousand pounds I safely banked
To stand 'gainst future need if pushed,
And with the rest myself I ranked
As but a steward left in trust ;
With so much that I could employ
As I saw meet, in light'ning woe,
To me would yield far purer joy
Than hoarding up could e'er bestow.

For come day, go day, now I'd live
Not counting it as wholly wise
For acquisition still to strive,
But in my portion's exercise.
If we before with frugal fare,

The future barring, could content,
Should we be now less free from care
Minus that vexing element.

X.

And so it happened as I planned,
While the years on their circuit rolled,
Until my highly cultured land
Returned its outlay manifold ;
For tussocks long had given way
To clover pastures stocked with beeves,
While former swamps could now display
In harvest paddocks dense with sheaves :

And the farm-stead in form of square,
With stabling, outhouse, barn and byre,
Substantial built, and kept with care,
Were all a farmer could desire.
Beside all these a building large
Of brick in which the farm hands slept,
And that the servant lassies charge
Was made to have it trimly kept.

With wood and coals for it in store,
When nights were long, and days were rude,
While bookshelves lined with useful lore
Found for their leisure mental food.
Yet in the kitchen's spacious hall,
With its departments amply stored,
Master and servants at meals all
Assembled round one cheerful board.

While duty's wheels their daily round
Rolled smooth 'neath Willie's wise control,
And lusty toil with songs jocund,
With pleasing colours flushed the whole.
And thus though splendour closely loomed,
Yet pomp and pride were kept at bay,
Nor false pretension once presumed
To innovate at Castle Gay.

XI.

A prosp'rous man in current fame
I now could fully work my bent,
For saving means was my last aim,
Among the hundred ways they went.
Far o'er what our wants could demand
Our land returned, and so it was
I could extend a helping hand
When aught deserving showed a cause :

As when I marked, borne to the earth,
A man without an answering fault,
Or wanting means saw honest worth
In view of his goal forced to halt.
Yet shortly I was taught to learn
And see discretion duly weighed,
And to repulse with aspect stern
When worthless objects sought my aid.

And I observed a prudent rule
To early mould my children's taste,
Whilst yet but wee things at the school,
Lest they for wealth should rashly haste ;

And strove their minds to disabuse
Of too high thoughts concerning it,
That, save in charitable use,
For peace itself was scarcely fit ;

And not on golden hopes to build,
As seeking but themselves to please,
Nor deem life's acmé it fulfilled,
A prospect crowned with slothful ease.
But looking forward to a farm
Where they some active end might serve,
Their minds with resolution arm,
Their own spheres out in life to carve.

Whilst thus their views I fostered sound,
I still was careful to provide
Such training as would yield a ground
For nourishing true manly pride.
Nor yet were private means denied,
To make them common with its use ;
That was left to their sense of pride
To keep from spending in abuse.

And while their moral wants I owned,
Yet these confined not all my aims,
That sought to keep their bodies toned
In vig'rous health by lusty games.
For I opined that exercise,
Enhanced by lusty sports like these,
Served more to keep health's ruddy guise
Than all compounds of pharmacies.

XII.

A field in which our sports to hold
Fronting the lawn I had prepared,
Whose thick green sole of grass was rolled
Unto a level springing sward ;
And their my laddies emulous strove
To which as what I had at heart,
I gave th' importance that behove
What I deemed education's part.

With them their classmates from the school
To whom they gave a welcome, came
But all submissive to this rule
To keep their conduct free from blame.
No gross remark, no wordy war
I'd thole from one—my word was law ;
For cause whate'er whoso should mar
Our harmony must then withdraw.

They raced, they vaulted with the pole,
With other games contending keen,
While from the lawn the household whole
Amused spectators of the scene ;
And Lizzie's curly-headed elves
(Always a pleasant sight to me)
With some bright game among themselves
Might be heard whooping out in glee.

While in their sports the young men joined
Soon as their evening's meal was o'er,
As lithe of limb and light of mind
As if no toils had been before.

(Each one was there well known by face,
For on such lib'ral scale arranged
Were hours and pay, that from their place
My hired assistants seldom changed).

To cause them with more zest to vie
And on improvement keep there aims
I on set times as umpire high
Awarded prizes for the games.
A book, a whip, or slippers wrought
By my young Jessie's deft hands, and
Though trifles, yet as keenly sought
As trophies of some gath'ring grand.

And Katie, too, whose coal black eyes
First heralded the laugh that pealed,
As some droll scene made her mirth rise
Amongst the rivals on the field ;
She likewise, to inspire the strife,
Had taxed her own peculiar art,
While there my genial minded wife
To brighten all gave mind and heart.

Ah ! heartsome were these summer eves
Whose vision, seeming tinged with gold,
Unto my mind yet brightly cleaves
When years sin syne have onward rolled.
'Gainst the pure joys of these dear ones
What cynic could a censure urge,
In the last echo of whose tones
There lingered no presaging dirge.

Or when the gloaming might allure
Themselves, the whole troop would betake,
And the long graceful yacht unmoor,
For a row on the placid lake.
Thus lib'ral ways and healthy toil
Were tempered wise, and in this way
We sought to woo the constant smile
Of happiness at Castle Gay.

XIII.

My children I my study made,
And watched what traits their minds expressed
While some to draw out I essayed,
Yet more I cautiously repressed.
My eldest, John, with features clear,
Reticent, self-reliant, cool,
With strong built frame, gave little fear
What course eventually he'd pull.

While James and Dick, my younger sons,
Impetuous willed, with quicker parts,
An uppish bent, showed by their tones,
Though both with warm impulsive hearts;
For them the splendid wild career
Bade fair, if left with wills unchained,
Were not these traits, when let appear,
With gentle vigilance restrained.

But in my second, Colin's weal,
With sight purblind and stamm'ring tongue,
I scarce could from myself conceal
The doubt that o'er his future hung.

With diffidence oppressed and cowed,
Irresolute, and soon confused,
I marked his manner 'mong a crowd
And situation unused.

And in forecast I saw him mild,
When battling singly with the world,
To earth at ev'ry onset—foiled—
His bleeding spirit crushed and hurled ;
Yet in his normal way I marked
The rapid sympathetic flow
Of feeling that at no depth lurked,
And burst to light at helpless woe ;

And signs of spirit flashing strong,
When once his dormant passion raised,
Or in contempt of flagrant wrong
The eye that literally blazed.
Where sprang spontaneous from the soil
Such fruits, I thought there should be more,
Though latent, that with careful toil
Might be brought also to the fore.

To tutor him I took my post
As father, the least that I owed,
And in what he seemed lacking most
The more abundant pains bestowed.
I marked him sensitive inclined,
And playing on this gen'rous vein
To gain the gov'nance of his mind
Applied it as a guiding rein.

At auction mart or cattle show
His judgment pow'rs I exercised,
And beasts of prize caused him to know,
And all the rules why they were prized ;
Or gave his own discretion scope
In marketing, and when he failed
I pointed out, to give him hope,
How his means should have best availed.

And then 'neath Willie's charge again,
Howe'er the labour seemed uphill,
The same pains were bestowed to train
His hands to works of farming skill ;
Till soon by such experience earned
His latent pow'rs were plainly shown,
And then with confidence he learned
With other men to hold his own.

So aught requiring care and art—
Ploughing, sowing, tilting grain—
Upon a farm my boys their part
Were early practised to sustain ;
Not in respect of need, as though
They had to toil, where they were heirs,
To work the farm were hands enow,
Regardless of such help as theirs.

But in such things taught to excel,
I hoped would be a theme for pride,
As love for what they could do well
Would vainer notions keep aside.

And furthermore I quietly planned
To fix its int'rest in their hearts,
And subdivided all my land
Into imaginary parts.

And this to John, and that to James,
And Dick and Colin in control,
I lotted each as private claims,
But Willie foreman of the whole.
Thus I was king in my domain,
And Willie premier, vested large
With pow'r, and under him again
The lads all officers in charge.

From this arrangement was evolved
Incentive bouts for harvest yields,
By whose results it was resolved
Which most judicious farmed their fields.
Thus artfully did I advise,
By giving ev'ry member play,
The body all to harmonise
In smooth accord at Castle Gay.

XIV.

And thus in fortune's smiles we basked ;
But yet lest fortune cares might add,
Ourselves with active toils we tasked,
Yet in these labours always glad.
Thus round our lives did smoothly wear,
And as the varying seasons rolled
We still forearmed were through the year
In all its changing moods consoled.

When Spring perennial knew the earth,
And she conceived amid her bow'rs,
And herbs, and buds, and flow'rs brought forth,
Sustained with warm refreshing show'rs.
The brightening year we gladly hailed,
As with its beams enlarged our hope
That the grave cares on life entailed,
To overtake gave ampler scope.

When night's dark curtains slow withdrawn,
Revealed the morn approaching nigh,
As with its hues of gold the dawn
Was burnishing the eastern sky ;
And instant from the garden grove,
The songsters in loud madrigals
Unto the sleeping house above,
Rang out melodious morning calls.

Our family not wont in sloth
To overstate their hours of sleep,
At the sweet summons nothing loath
Then from their beds would lightly leap ;
And thus we diligently rose,
As ere our toils began we sought
A little space to interpose
For studious exercise and thought.

The sun high in the cloudless zone,
Resplendent as a golden shield
That on a glorious prospect shone
Of hill and lake and braiding field ;

The joyous ploughmen whistling clear
As they led out their clanking teams,
Whose glossy hides and burnished gear
Reflected back the morning beams:

The lamb's sweet bleats adown each field,
And fainter echoes on each breeze,
Borne from the hill of which I held
One thousand acres long in lease ;
Such truly natural scenes as these,
To me were pleasures unalloyed,
That usage could no whit decrease
Or make their sense of freshness void.

And when in evening's mellowed balm
I wandered forth as oft I used,
My thoughts within in tranquil calm
Subsided gently as I mused.
Or, sweetly welled in grateful praise
To Him whose love had hedged me round,
And made the best part of my days
With peace and plenty to abound.

XV.

And when the blesséd Sabbath morn
Dawned on the world with smiles of peace,
And to a land with week toils worn,
Proclaimed at least one day's surcease ;
Like folk with spirits deeply stirred,
That day betimes we also rose,
To wait with rev'rence on His word,
Who that day as His portion chose.

To Him whose bounty filled our hand,
And health and love in store had given,
And made us signal in the land,
Well might we yield one day in seven ;
And with our spirits in accord,
While early rose our morning prayer,
We purposed wholly to the Lord
To spend the day in holy fear.

No worship bound by modes austere
Our miens in rueful habits dressed,
Nor bondage of degraded fear
Our confidence in gloom repressed.
But with glad hearts as spirit taught
The freedom of the gospel plan,
The book that showed God's mind we sought
That day instructively to scan.

Or other sacred tomes engaged,
Whose notes our Bible studies cleared,
Or lives of great men privileged
Our own at once rebuked and cheered ;
Or on our readings travelled o'er
Ourselves at times we catechised,
And on what proofs some rend'rings bore
Our judgments straitly exercised.

Or christian friends who chanced to call,
With social cheer and grave discourse
We entertained, that unto all
Of profit proved a constant source.

Or 'neath the strains of Judah's lyre
Sublime emotions thrilled our hearts
For which the family formed a choir
Trained skilfully to take their parts.

And yet with all these when the peal
Rang from the distant village bell,
With its strange note of woe or weal
To thoughtless men at ev'ry knell
Unto the sanctified abode
We drove our way with zeal profound,
To hear the minister of God
His holy oracles expound.

Then like the patriarchs of old
Who fam'ly altars wont to raise,
At night amidst our whole household
We closed the day with thanks and praise.
Thus wholly voiding worldly goals,
And Sabbath kept a hallowed day,
Its rest was proven to our souls
A pure delight in Castle Gay.

XVI.

When Summer with reviving hopes
Made glad the agricultural swains,
As with the hues of ripening crops
She brightly limmed th' enamelled plains ;
While larks were warbling in the sky,
And root crops in, and sheep all shorn,
And we could our chief cares lay by,
And quietly watch the ripening corn.

This season then from active toil
The lads had freedom to desist ;
And 'mong their city friends awhile
Rub off the country rust and dust ;
Or pending Christmas holidays
Our city friends with us would stay,
With whose bright bevys in relays
Our place these days was thronged and gay.

Bright laughing girls and eager men,
With what a spirit they engaged
In all their country freedom then—
By town restraints so lately caged ;
With picnics when the weather let,
Or boating on the sunny lake,
Or riding parties, their thirst yet
For outdoor pastimes scarce could slake.

Or else the ladies' wits were bent
T' inaugurate a christmas tree,
For which around the district sent
Were invitation tickets free,
While bluff games proved each youngster's pith,
Unto the fete from all parts drawn,
Whose pleasant cheer was wound up with
A merry dance upon the lawn.

Nor for these meetings was a plea,
Restricted to a certain class,
But to our social favours free
Behaviour was the only pass.

There the stout farmer from the plain
 With genteel cits rubbed shoulders free,
And in the reel the rustic swain
 With our own girls were *vis-a-vis*.

And there was Jessie, rosy lipped
 (To me fair as a daisy flow'r
—That modest spotless crimson-tipped,
 Blooms sweet beneath the dewy show'r);
She then with sprightly graceful art,
 Her rosy cheeks with zeal aflame,
Amid the throng the foremost part
 Sustained in ev'ry laughing game.

And Katie too, with archer wit,
 And wondrous gift of repartee,
Her roguish eyes with mischief lit,
 Gave no small share to swell the glee.
Their mother's girls, despising pride,
 Who either could with equal grace
A canny farmer's household guide,
 Or as a lady take her place.

And in such social gath'rings spent
 These means we freely did engage,
That we demurred to let have vent
 In pomp and costly equipage ;
No means were vetoed that could please
 While these enhanced youth's lovely bloom,
Which merely useless luxuries
 Would in inertia soon consume.

Nor from the road this home of ours
Seemed languid luxury's mansion sealed
By jealous walls and leafy bow'rs
From common peoples' gaze concealed.
But while with rich abundance stocked,
To neighbours these were welcome aye,
No gates to all approaches locked
Conserved the charms of Castle Gay.

XVII.

When Autumn mellowing the year,
With saffron dyed the fields again,
And cereal seedlings in the ear
Filled out to ripened golden grain ;
And the late summer's quiet, from morn
Till late at eve, was changed to stir,
Where from each field of yellow corn
Was heard the reaper's echoing birr:

To save the treasures of the earth]
At once we roused from our repose,
And as th' emergencies called forth
Accordingly our spirits rose.
Then all was throng and busy din
As we of all our strength availed
To hurry quick the harvest in,
Yet still hilarity prevailed.

While the yard showed a lively view,
Where wains with topping loads of sheaves
Rolled in, and stacks like mushrooms grew
Of vast proportions round their eaves.

And workmen toiling till their light
Was borrowed from the stars and moon,
Except when midday brought respite,
Or grateful lunch at either noon.

And I myself the while alert,
Gave all my efforts to the work,
And on the stack took up my part
As odd man, with a rake or fork.
And this as by constraint I did,
And not that I myself should please,
And to work other people bid,
While I would quietly take my ease.

Nor was it parsimonious greed,
But for the riches heaven gave,
I thus lent all attentive heed
From chances to securely save.
And I remembered long erewhile,
When labour's bondage sorely grieved
And tied me down, ere fortune's smile
Me from its narrow strait retrieved :

And how I envied their lots then
For whom life's hardships were foregone,
And who at will—thrice happy men—
Could work or leave their work alone.
This taught me always with my men
On whose low spheres no hopes might shine,
Their feelings all to wisely ken
By the gage that once fitted mine.

But when our arduous toils were crowned
By the last sheaf borne from the field,
The weight of care late felt profound
One night of festive pleasure sealed ;
And in the barn's commodious room
The ample supper was prepared,
To celebrate our harvest home,
Where all were free to come who cared.

The big house then seemed tenantless,
While wife and girls with spirits brave
Concurred with social heartiness
Just to take pot luck with the lave.
And Malcolm Graeme our ploughman lad,
A piper famed in many a test,
That night in tartans fully clad
Provided music of the best.

While the goodman to infuse life
Into the rest, would then advance
With Lizzie, Willie's comely wife,
As foremost to lead off the dance.
Thus blent with hospitable worth
And brought into alternate play
Industrious thrift and harmless mirth,
We brightened life at Castle Gay.

XVIII.

When surly winter's blust'ring air
And bitter show'rs of tempest raved,
'Till flooding fields all bleak and bare,
That late in fertile beauty waved ;

And shiv'ring beasts were seen to cow'r
With quarters pointing to the blast,
As chilling rain and sleety show'r
O'er naked fields came drifting fast.

Yet in our ample steadings housed
Our better stock were tended warm,
And hardier sort outside that browsed
Were amply sheltered from the storm.
While utilising time when fair,
Foul weather ne'er to us came strange,
For standing loose from worldly care
New pleasures came with ev'ry change.

Then doubly bright the hearth's warm glow
When dark without the heavens frowned.
Or Nature with deep lying snow
Appeared to bleach the world around.
For there amongst our stored alcoves
Were what oped fairy views to thought,
When 'mid the muses' sacred groves
The weather's rigour was forgot.

And in such times when from the field
The lads at home were weather-bound,
Their minds to studious thoughts to yield
I ever urged with care profound ;
And kept in view the bright careers
Of Miller, Livingstone, and Burns,
Who rose from poor laborious spheres
By studying in their leisure turns.

The means afforded thus to gage
The motives of these spirits bold,
Whose toils conduced from age to age
Our nation's present form to mould.
And the high priv'ledge they'd derive
In thus divining with its aid,
As old-world scenes would then revive
In converse with the mighty dead.

And in anticipation while
They yet were bairns, with fixed purpose
To form their minds, books pure in style
From all metficious daubs I chose.
There Dickens, Bulwer, Scott, and James,
The raptured spirit kept in trance,
With other scarce less honoured names
In the bright regions of romance.

And Shakspeare, throned the bards among,
And Campbell, the sweet bard of hope,
And Byron, soaring grand and strong,
With Moore and Goldsmith, Burns and Pope ,
While travel-books and deeper lore
Bulked in that literary hoard ;
And on one shelf (none cherished more)
" Chambers' Miscellanies " were stored.

(Among all writings excellent,
Designed the mind of youth to raise,
That pastime with instruction blent,
O Chambers, thine deserve all praise.

If e'er a people's gratitude,
To worth a monument decreed,
To thine, if duly understood,
Might well be rendered such a meed).

XIX.

In the long nights, when window blinds
Conserved the comforts of the room,
That snugly beamed while angry winds
Were snarling in the outer gloom ;
Then by the pomp and state unmoved,
Of fashion's artificial codes,
The charms of homely love we proved
In all its most attractive modes.

Except when in the township near,
Some meeting for the public weal
Required my presence in the chair,
To which concurred my active zeal ;
Or with some friends of kindred mind
In the long nights held quiet commune
How we might organise some kind
Of system for the public boon,

Or friendly neighbours, dropping in,
Our family circle whiles enlarged,
Whose talk—howe'er they would begin—
In farming topics quickly merged ;
Or thoughtful youths, who Colin's zest
For bookish lore endorsed, oft came
With him to read, or, with the rest,
Engaged in some more mirthful game.

For them in spirits high, though poor,
This was the rule I took, to scan
The marking line, howe'er obscure—
The mind was passport to the man ;
But the presumptuous, false, and proud,
In the world's view whate'er were they,
Or held in honour by the crowd,
Found welcome slight at Castle Gay.

XX.

Now have I, as my skill avails,
Sketched out my life from stage to stage,
Perhaps to tedious details,
For folk grow garrulous with age
Yet there I've clothed the homely things
Of truth in rhythm's pleasant guise
As time allowed, to meet the springs
Of poesy that slowly rise.

And instanced from my own career
That peace comes not with wealth attained,
Where each increase of worldly gear
Still finds the mind with fever pained.
But as a lever-pow'r to heave
Off troubles from our poorer kind
We, by its lib'ral use, will leave
Our paths through life with silver lined.

'Tis true that in life's loftier scenes
Some men a graver charge must bear,
Who need a larger scope of means
For the requirements of their sphere.

But yet howe'er the question blends,
In proving prudence should provide ;
Wealth surely should serve nobler ends
Than in buttressing worldly pride.

But of my sons the frank and bold,
So hardily in virtue reared,
It now remains but to be told
How all my precepts with them fared.
As start in life, a thousand each
My prudence deemed should quite suffice—
Not with the wish to see them rich,
But to incite their enterprise.

For this I deemed was but the wedge
Which, if they wished for more to come,
Their own resolve should be the pledge
It would be somewhere driven home.
With this, and fired to ardor's pitch,
My stout lads vowed with manly pride
In new tracts yet an ample fitch
To carve out from the world's broad side.

Aspiring farmers, Dick and James,
From midst the virgin solitude
To clear a home blent kindred aims
(Their flighty notions long subdued) ;
And now, with fertile beauty mild,
Two cosy farms adjoin, where erst
Was but a tangled desert wild,
Till sturdy toil the scene reversed.

But book-worm Colin, more retired,
By nature indisposed to yield,
An int'rest in the fag required
For a mere agricult'ral field,
As more congenial theme preferred
A small run 'mong the hills to choose,
From whence at intervals is heard
The flutt'rings of his rural muse ;

And both the girls for other loves
Have long forsook the parent nest,
Though what prevailed for their removes,
Themselves were doubtless judges best.
But John, my eldest, still with me
Remains to comfort with his aid ;
Calm, thoughtful, kind, I know that he
Will fully in my footsteps tread.

And bright-faced imps delight his sight,
They grow apace while we grow old ;
My Jean and I life's topmost height
Have long passed o'er ; yet still consoled,
And journeying calmly down the slope
No frettings mar our inward bliss,
While simple faith supports the hope
That at the foot we'll rest in peace.

But when with each New Year's return
Our fam'ly with all theirs convene
To pass with us a brief sojourn,
Fond welcome brightening ev'ry mien.

What proud delight then Jean derives,
As ev'ry year brings more increase,
In scanning with her daughter wives
Their children's growth and likenesses.

While I inspecting with my sons
The property (some day all theirs :
The land and mansion always John's,
And substance to the rest in shares).
Thus elders in their moods consoled,
And youngsters whooping at their play,
Our happy home its name of old
Right well sustains of Castle Gay

ISABEL.

With moated walls and massive tow'r
The Norman's castle stood,
The grim retreat of feudal pow'r
In woodland solitude.

Yet there the baron's daughter threw
Around a lightsome spell,
And many a suitor came to woo
The lady Isabel.

Her form was sprightly as the fawn,
Her hair the raven's hue,
Her cheeks like roseate clouds of dawn,
Her eyes a glorious blue.

And in her glances flashing keen
Beneath their arching brows,
Were signs of wit and spirit seen
That time might quickly rouse.

And many a lordly suitor came
And humbly bowed the knee,
But little recked she of his flame
Or all his high degree.

A goodly youth was Richard Vere,
An esquire poorly born,
And oft the baron's fallow deer
He roused with hound and horn.

With him the maiden found her groove
Though 'neath her wonted tone,
And while she won young Richard's love
She freely gave her own.

But how could he, a landless youth,
A simple hunting squire,
To gain his suit, pretend to soothe
The lady's haughty sire.

A lord who in his will's career
No conscious scruples owned,

The boldest vassal quailed in fear
When dark FitzAllan frowned.

But mode ne'er raised a bulwark yet
That love would not undo,
Nor e'er contrived so fine a net
That it could not break through.

Though she had sprung of gentle blood,
And he of low degree,
Yet they as Nature's equals stood
And owned her strong decree.

Two brave steeds from the Baron's stud
Squire Richard led with care,
For speed of foot, and pride of blood
No equals they had there.

They passed beyond the castle walls
As tolled the curfew bell,
And to her father's stately halls
Bade Isabel farewell.

Yet scarce had ceased the curfew bell
While they were still in view,
When on their startled hearings fell
A loud and stern "haloo."

The lovers' flight some caitiff knave
Had marked, and showed their course
Unto his lord, who stormed in rage
And loudly called to horse.

Then to their speed their steeds they put
And dashed through bush and brake,
While in their rear the loud pursuit
Made woodland echoes wake.

The daylight closed, the moon shone out
With beams both full and clear,
And still the lovers pressed their rout,
And still the chase was near.

Yet still as on the brave steeds flew
They proved their high descent,
As their pursuers' sounds still grew
By slow degrees more faint.

But onward still the lovers rode
With anxious brows and bent,
And on their noble steeds pursued
Now lab'ring as they went.

By this the cliffs their pathway neared
On either hand them, when
To bar their further course appeared
A band of mail-clad men.

"My father's men," the lady said,
"Who rode away this morn."
The brave squire drew his trusty blade
And said in tones forlorn :

"Now turn thee back my lady bride,
And take my counsel true,
For all the pleasures of this ride
I fear I'll dearly rue."

"Now woe is me," she said, "that I,
The daughter of an earl,
From him should with an esquire fly—
And he a lifeless churl."

"I am no churl or coward," then
The youth made quick reply
"But I am one and these are ten,
Nor do I seek to fly.

"But onward comes thy raging sire,
With vengeance in his eye,
Then from this place sweet love retire,
Why should'st thou see me die."

She flushed. "When lordly suitors strove,
I heard their proffers loath;
But for thy simple dow'rless love
I pledged my maiden troth.

"And bootless would the action make
When thou wert free from skaith,
That ardent vow, now to forsake
Thee when in peril of death.

"Then forward ride, while I thy bride
To shield thee will be near,
And Heav'n that heard our vows will guide
Thee safe from sword and spear."

"O, for that love so brave and leal,"
He cried with flashing eye,
"That years might prove that grateful zeal
That now for thee can die,"

He said, and spurred his wearied horse
When, with a mortal wound,
The stoutest of his foemen's force
Came tumbling to the ground.

And through their midst he fiercely pressed,
And Isabel rode near
And interposed her gentle breast
'Gainst many a threatened spear.

And as they thrust—"Ha, villains, dare,"—
Her voice with fury rung.
No tigress raging in her lair
Fought more to guard her young.

Thus in that lonely woodland waste
The murd'rous fight raged keen,
While the full moon shone calm and chaste
O'er all the horrid scene

The Baron now in foaming chase
In view of them arrives;
"Hew down," he roared, "the caitiff base—
Strike, villains, on your lives."

They closed around, yet Richard hemmed
Raged like a wounded bear,
And Isabel's eyes wildly gleamed
While loosely tossed her hair.

They closed around till stricken sore
They bore him to the ground,
And from his heart the purple gore
Found vent by many a wound.

Then from her steed sprung Isabel,
And o'er the midnight air
Rang through the woods in dismal knell
Her shriek of wild despair.

She threw herself on that brave breast,
Whose heart's blood now did stain,
And fondly, wildly these lips pressed
That ne'er would smile again.

From the dread sight that ruffian gang
Recoiled without a word,
While then a swift remorseful pang
Transpierced their haughty lord.

Too late his fatal wrath gave place ;
She was his only child,
And now she cursed him to his face—
A maniac raving wild.

Then homeward rode with mind unhinged
That late blood-thirsting lord,
Who from that time in ruth exchanged
For a monk's cross the sword.

And Isabel, a witless maid,
For years ghost-like did glide,
Till in the churchyard she was laid,
A mark to worldly pride.

THE TIME IS WEARING ON.

Like the changes on a stage,
With their scenes of joy and rage,
Are the records of life's page
As the time is wearing on.

For manhood yearns the boy,
But hope, still in decoy,
Ever onward points to joy
As the time is wearing on.

And the height of ev'ry aim
Is a dream of wealth or fame,
As if death had not one claim ;
But the time is wearing on.

And like children at their play,
So we pass our years away,
Till our hairs are tinged with grey,
As the time is wearing on,

Our poor shrinking forms of clay,
Growing weaker ev'ry day,
Are sure warnings by the way
That the time is wearing on.

But to grasp, and hoard, and grieve
For the treasures we must leave,
Seems our only end to live,
But the time is wearing on.

And the sound of labour rings
As his tool the workman swings,
And no rest the Sabbath brings.
But the time is wearing on.

Behold yon hoary knave,
To his passions still a slave,
Though tottering by the grave,
As the time is wearing on ;

Sinking fast into his grave,
Hear him curse and swear and rave,
As though he had no soul to save,
As the time is wearing on.

How few who think of peace !
As if life were let on lease,
Just to spend it as we please ;
But the time is wearing on.

Peace—that balm for ev'ry woe—
To our understandings slow,
Is, like water, counted low ;
But the time is wearing on.

Like the waters of the stream
By whose banks we idly dream,
But its blessings scarce esteem,
While the time is wearing on.

Whilst the months fly on apace,
And the years join in the race,
Still our phantom gods we chase ;
But the time is wearing on.

Not a soul appears to think
Of the cup we all must drink
At death's cold and dismal brink ;
But the time is wearing on.

No one seems to quake or fear
At the end that's looming near,
Coming closer ev'ry year,
As the time is wearing on.

Nor preparing for that day
When the earth shall pass away,
And the elements decay ;
But the time is wearing on,

When the tribes of ev'ry land,
By Jehovah's dread command,
At his judgment seat shall stand ;
But the time is wearing on.

Then contempt shall slay the proud,
Mammon's sons will shriek aloud
When they see Him in the cloud ;
But the time is wearing on.

But the righteous then will reign,
And the martyrs who were slain
Shall be raised to life again—
Time for that is wearing on.

A THOUGHT

Suggested on riding through the property of a wealthy
worldling.

Though your acres extend over meadow and moor,
Without grace, in the light of the Gospel you're poor ;
But if trusting in Him who is mighty to save,
You are rich, though you beg to the brink of the grave.

THE SABBATH.

Another week has run its course, its heavy toils are
o'er,
The weary workman seeks his home with limbs both
stiff and sore ;
While sighing o'er his life of toil, he hails with grate-
ful zest
God's gracious privilege to man—the hallowed day
of rest.

The Sabbath morn dawns beautiful, all down the
summer lea ;
The dew shines in the clover flow'rs, where early
hums the bee ;

The hens are cackling in the yard, the cocks are crow-
ing clear ;
The glorious sunshine seems more bright, the fields
more green appear.

Anon upon the morning breeze with ev'ry gentle
swell,
Harmonious with the grateful scene, is heard the
morning bell.
Up ! up ye sluggards from the couch, and sanctify
with pray'r
The day that brings us nearer God, and bans our
worldly care.

Now to God's house, with humble thoughts, his
people wend their way,
As Judah's tribes to Zion's courts were wont to in
their day.
'Tis sure a comely thing and sweet, with common
soul possessed,
To see men leave their cares awhile beside the Lord
to rest.

And then, as ent'ring in, is heard o'erhead the tolling
bell,
Like beating of a great m^an's heart who has good
news to tell,
Sounding out its solemn peals—in tones not surely
dumb
To thoughtful ears, when ev'ry stroke says plain,
“ Oh Come, oh come.”

The preacher is the Church's heart ; ah ! happy if
he warms
In leading anxious souls to Christ and pure religion's
charms ;
Yet worldly thoughts will cross the mind at times in
scenes like these,
As oft we find the clearest spring is ruffled by the
breeze.

Let worldly sophists bear themselves with God-
defiant port,
And ev'ry Sabbath day profane with vain unhallowed
sport ;
Yet all their self-sufficient pride, their merriment and
din,
Will scarce subdue remorse and fear, concomitants of
sin.

Yet God himself hath owned his work, and He will
plead his cause
With dreadful vengeance on their heads who trample
on His laws.
Where then will be the scoffer's boast, or where the
sophist's sneer,
When called to judgment on that law whose truths
they slighted here ?

Oh, how besotted must he be—with moral vision
dim—
Who'd grudge one day unto His praise, who gives six
days to him.

But from the way he hath ordained—appointed in his
word—

Let others choose a wider course, but we will serve
the Lord.

THE BIBLE APPEAL.

Let us gird on the swords that our forefathers drew,
And prove to our country as loyal and true ;
Who during the hour of their trial of faith,
Contended in suffering, and triumphed in death.
Let us fight for that volume which sceptics and fools
Would strip of its honours, and ban from our schools.
Who would wrest from the children, with all that's
been done,
The charter their fathers so hardly had won ?

Let the martyrs of Pentland and Bothwell, who fell
By the ruthless Dundee, and the brutal Dalzel,
Tell the cost that the Bible for Scotland was bought,
That would now be deprived, and its claims set at
naught.

Remember the men who as beacons once shone
Through our country's long night, and preserved her
her throne—

The bane of the tyrants and foe of the knaves,
Who would shackle the people and keep them as
slaves.

That stern race of iron, whose zeal for the Lord,
Made them worship in fear with their hands on the
sword.

For the Bible they suffered and braved ev'ry doom,
And to Britain bequeathed as her dearest heirloom.
Did our martyrs endure the faggot and stake
For the Bible, and shall we be dumb for its sake ?
Shall we suffer malignants its claims to decry
Without word of defence or indignant reply ?

Around the good cause* let us rally, nor fear
That the foe shall prevail while the Leader is near.
The daring opponents shall pale at his sight,
And heartless and broken abandon the fight.
Evil times are upon us—'tis sad to behold
How wolves in sheep's clothing have entered the fold,
Who would yield the strong tow'r of the Protestant's
home
To the infidel's sneer and the priest-craft of Rome.

WRITTEN ON A FLY-LEAF OF A BIBLE.

Accept, dear friend, in Christ beloved,
This Book which points the way on high,
Which tells of Christ, our friend approved,
Whose blood to God hath brought us nigh.

* This half and the three following lines are by the Rev. George Sutherland, now of Sydney.

And in the hour of demons' rage,
When fierce temptations round thee rise,
May the sweet comforts of its page
Thy troubled soul lift to the skies.

For few and fleeting are the years
That in this vale with pain we spend ;
A scene of trouble, cares and fears
Fills up the view from end to end.

But with this Book we have a ray
That with a sense of sin forgiven,
Will cheer our oft-beclouded way,
And light us to the gate of Heaven.

RESIGNATION

Could I constrain this evil mind—
So much to murmuring thoughts inclined—
To think upon the Lord ;
To dwell on all the mercies rare,
He hath for me with gentle care
In rich abundance stored.

With clearer eyes then would I see,
How with a wayward child like me
His patience hath forborne.

Forborne long, forbearing still,
Though fretful murm'ring at his will
Hath been my sole return.

Forgive me, Lord, if I have erred ;
Truly, my lot was scarcely hard ;
For this I lift my song.
I greatly glory in Thy love,
By which my soul oft springs above :
My heart with hope beats strong.

Now hopes and fears are equal tossed,
Now fear in glorious hope is lost,
Now hope gives way to fear ;
When doubts and fears are closing round,
And faith and hope in these are drowned,
My God ! O then be near.

Let this mine earnest pray'r be heard ;
I do not doubt Thy mercy, Lord ;
But I myself mistrust
When journeying by the narrow way,
Despairingly I find each day
My soul cleave to the dust.

But casting doubts and fears aside,
I'll seek my Saviour's bleeding side,
On him my hopes I place.
What can I say ? what can I do ?
But penitence and faith renew,
And look into his face.

THE WOMAN OF CANAAN.

Inscribed respectfully to the Rev. William Gillies.

How bright amid the starry zone
Sparkled that heavenly gem
That first in new-born beauty shone
O'er favoured Bethlehem,
That guided with its brilliant ray,
The wise men came to scan,
Where cradled with the oxen lay
The hope of fall'n man ;
The story of glory,
While shepherds watched by night,
Bright winging and singing
Proclaimed a choir of light.

What hallowed thoughts Naz'reth embalm,
Capernaum by the sea,
While still there seems a holy calm
To rest on Galilee ;
For there the mighty works were done
That silenced cavilling scribes,
When, veiled in flesh, God's only Son
Sojourned with Judah's tribes,
Where driven and riven
His days in grief were sped,
Nor ev'en 'neath heaven
A place to lay His head.

Through Isra'l's villages He went
With news of Gospel grace ;
His life in doing good He spent
For a recusant race.
To Zidon's coast of heathen night
On mercy's work He came.
The shades of death to Gospel light
Were quickened by His flame ;
Yet there he, worn weary,
Would fain have been kept hid,
But gainsaid, such pains made
The wonders that He did.

There came a woman of the place
With anguish in her breast,
Who mourning sought the Master's face
To heal her child possessed.
"It is not meet for dogs to come
To eat the children's bread."
"Truth, Lord ; but dogs pick up the crumbs,"
With touching zeal she said.
Still dreading, yet heeding,
She cried with accents wild,
Pleading, heart bleeding,
"O, Master, save my child."

Like sunlight shining in a stream,
That glance, with love replete,
Sent through her darkened soul a gleam
As she knelt at his feet.

" Oh, woman, mighty is thy faith,"
The Saviour answered, mild ;
" E'en as thou wilt from demons' wrath,
Receive again thy child."
Returning, heart burning,
She found her daughter whole,
While praising unceasing
Thence filled the mother's soul.

To ye who seek with earnest breath
To place your trust above,
What sight is here of earnest faith,
This Canaan mother's love.
Like her, when sore at heart we bleed,
Bow down before the throne ;
To Him, our promised friend in need,
Our wants make humbly known.
Requesting and resting
Upon his promised word ;
Obtesting, protesting,
Until our pray'rs are heard.

But doubts and fears are in the way,
With worldly trials crossed,
Until the soul to these a prey
Is oft in darkness tossed ;
But 'mid the depths of polar night
Still shines with' fadeless beam,
To guide our wav'ring courses right,
" The Star of Bethlehem."

Then hear now my pray'r now,
 O, Christ, my heart incline
 To love Thee and prove Thee,
 And all for Thee resign

REMORSE

Jesus, Lord, whom I adore,
 For my soul now wounded sore,
 Once again my earnest pray'r
 Would beseech thy sovereign care.

Great Physician, who before
 Oft has healed this chronic sore,
 Deem not its recurring ill
 Is in me incurable.

In my carelessness of talk,
 In my heedlessness of walk,
 Thou hast seen me at my fall
 Filled with bitterness and gall.

Yet in thine abundant grace
 I will hopes of mercy place,
 And to Thee my sins confess,
 Who only art my righteousness.

Not the moment of my fault,
Not the fear of its result,
But Thy Spirit grieved the while
Makes me in my own eyes vile.

Oh, cause Thou Thine own light to shine
On this poor troubled soul of mine,
For Thine own sake do not refrain
But free me from sin's loathsome stain.

My disease, though deadly still,
Thou canst overcome at will :
Oh, apply Thy healing balm,
That my fevered mind may calm.

Behold me, Lord, of peace bereaved,
Till by Thine own free grace reprieved,
When at Thy word, its dread made void,
Sin's baneful sting will be destroyed.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

What moral do God's mercies teach
But that His love to man is rich—
Ample and broad beyond compare.
Why should the greatest wretch despair ?

Knowing our natures, weak and vile,
He with our follies bears a while,
For love to our poor fallen race
To lead us to the throne of grace.

'Tis true we've trampled on His laws,
Provoked Him oft without a cause ;
Yea, we with sins are crimson dyed,
Yet 'twas for sinners Jesus died !

Sinner, attend ! Whate'er your sin,
He only asks, " Believe on Him "—
For in the blood so freely shed
There's life for those already dead.

Ye sons of men, arise in haste,
And of such glorious goodness taste ;
Since God creation's fabric made,
Such love as this was ne'er displayed.

Lingering mortals, why delay ?
The day of grace may flee away,
And naught remain but doubt and gloom—
A fearful presage of the tomb.

BLIND BARTIMEUS.

Blind Bartimeus for many a day
His bread of the people had begged by the way,
For his cup of life's bitters was filled to the brim,
And this world's afflictions sat heavy on him.

At length he began to give heed to a name
That daily increasing extended its fame.
Some said 'twas the Christ of the prophets arrived,
And his heart, strong in faith, at the tidings revived.

Now, with bright expectation he looked for the day
When this doer of wonders should pass by his way ;
For he felt that an end of his troubles was near,
And a change coming on that would shortly appear.

Where the palm trees of Judah o'erhung the high-
way,
And screened with their broad leaves the sun's
burning ray,
There sat Bartimeus beneath the cool shade,
But the son of Timeus was pensive and sad,

When the hum of a multitude smote on his ear ;
" What meaneth this tumult " ? he asked of one near ;
But how his heart leapt when he heard the reply,
That Jesus of Naz'reth was journeying by.

Instant he sprang at that name to his feet,
For the sum of his long cherished hopes was complete,
Then clasping his hands and bending his knee,
Cried, " Jesus of Naz'reth, have mercy on me."

But the people rebuked him, and bade him keep peace,
For, displeased with his clamours, they wished them
to cease ;

But the more they rebuked him, the louder cried he,
" Thou Son of David, have mercy on me."

At the blind man's entreaties the Saviour stood,
Whose mission on earth was to heal and do good,
While the light in His eyes, so calm and serene,
Reflected the soul of the great Nazarene.

He bade him approach ; and they comfort the blind
With words that were balm to the woe of his mind—
“ He calleth thee ; rise, let thy sorrows repose.”
And casting his garment aside, he arose.

“ What would'st thou ? ” He asked as the blind man
drew nigh.

“ Lord, give me my sight,” was the trembling reply.
He answered in accents that thrilled to his soul,
“ Go in peace on thy way ; thy faith makes thee
whole.”

Then the bright light of heaven flashed full on his
view,

With the glories of Nature's rich varying hue,
Till a grand panorama before him outspread,
All lovely and green like a world newly made.

And he gazed on that face, full of pity divine,
And that love that constrained him to die for man-
kind ;

Then loud from his lips rose the accents of praise,
While their glad songs of triumph the people upraise.

DAVID'S LAMENT OVER SAUL.

II. Samuel, i. 19.

The glory of Jacob, the mighty, lie low ;
They fled from the sword, and they fell by the bow ;
The pride of his army around him they fall,
And low in the dust lies the once mighty Saul.
Let rumour be silenced in Askelon's path,
Nor the news of their downfall be published in Gath.
All tidings be hushed of that fate-boding morn
Lest the Philistine's daughters should triumph in
scorn.

Vain was his buckler and useless his sword,
On the mountains he sank 'neath the wrath of the
Lord ;
And Jonathan the dauntless, the fearless, lay near,
Still grasped in his hand was the blood-reddened spear.
Now broke is the sword, and unstrung is the bow
That empty turned not from the blood of the foe.
Now rigid in death lie father and son—
Saul mighty in battle, and fierce Jonathan.

Than lion more daring, and swifter by far
Than eagles their swoop through the carnage of
war.
Still closely united, how bright was their faith ;
In life they were lovely, nor parted in death.

Ye mounts of Gilboa, now blooming so green,
Let dew on your verdure no longer be seen,
Nor your hills nor your valleys spring fresh from the
rain,

Now wet with the blood of the mighty and slain.
Ye daughters of Jacob, in sackcloth repent,
For the mighty of Israel weep and lament,
For Jonathan and Saul, who saved you of old,
And clothed you in garments of scarlet and gold.
But how has the battle gone back like the tide,
And the mighty cast down from the height of their
pride ;

Their weapons are perished, and trod in the soil,
The shield that was lately anointed with oil.

And Jonathan, too, lies the dew on thy brow,
Where shame never sullied its whiteness of snow ;
And cold is that glance, for me beaming so oft—
In battle so dreadful, in pity so soft.
How spotless thine honour, thy virtues how rare,
With thy deep hearts affection, what woman's compare,
Oh, my brother lies low, stooped is his proud head,
With the mighty of Jacob. Their glory has fled.

ISAIAH LIII.

Lord, who hath our report believed,
Or who Thine arm revealed perceived ?
For growing like a root he's found,
Or tender plant in barren ground.

No form or comeliness hath he,
No lines of beauty there we see ;
But one in lowly garb disguised,
Of men rejected and despised.

A man of sorrows and acquainted
With grief that oft His bosom rent ;
Yet we our faces hid from him,
Despised, and held in low esteem.

Surely our sorrows He hath borne,
And bare our griefs lest we should mourn,
And for our sakes a shameful lot
Endured ; but we esteemed Him not.

For our transgressions He was bruised,
For our iniquities abused ;
He all our chastisement did thole,
And with His stripes we are made whole.

All we like sheep have gone astray,
We each have turned to his own way ;
But God on Him our sins hath laid,
And He the full atonement made.

He was afflicted and oppressed,
No murmur yet escaped His breast ;
But like a lamb He is become,
Or sheep, before her shearers dumb.

In judgment doomed without a word.
And who will now His name record ;
Cut off from all the living clime,
And stricken for my people's crime.

His grave He with the wicked made,
And with the rich in death was laid ;
For He no violence had done,
Nor in His mouth deceit was known.

Yet Him, the Lord in love hath bruised,
And in His cup hath grief infused,
Till He hath borne the curse decreed,
When He will see His righteous seed.

By His obedience made to stand,
God's work will prosper in His hand,
Who His soul's travail then will see
And satisfied therewith will be.

Therefore His portion I'll create,
And He will rank among the great,
Victorious now o'er ev'ry toil,
He with the strong will share the spoil

For He to death poured out his soul
And numbered the transgressor's roll,
For whom He interceded sore,
And the sins of so many bore.

OH MAN, HOW EVIL ARE THY DAYS.

Oh man, how evil are thy days,
Whose boasted strength so soon decays ;
Distracted by fevered dreams of gains,
Fenced with infirmities and pains,

From happiness still far exiled,
 Yet buoyed up by fond chimeras wild
 Of some bright star's prospective gleams
 That on thy fortune seldom beams.

Who vainly seek, 'mid bow'rs of ease,
 To ignore life's uncertain lease,
 Yet still through all that guards thy path
 Protrudes the grisly form of death.
 What futile labours to employ,
 For where is no abiding joy,
 And all experiences appear
 But mouldings for another sphere.

Fond on the promises fulfilled
 Of offsprings' hopes the parents build,
 And still content to mark each day
 In their increase their own decay ;
 On their upgrowth, with hopes profound,
 Their sum of joy seem fondly crowned,
 But to find then they must give place
 Unto their swift encroaching race.

To crowd within life's fleeting span
 What infinite designs ye plan —
 Your works, that obstacles defied,
 But monuments of bootless pride.
 High tow'ring through the ageing years
 The god-like edifice appears,
 While at the basements, far below,
 The pigmy builders ebb and flow.

In forms so frail, in minds supreme,
 In proud self-love yet little deem
 That these high gifts on you bestowed
 Were merely lent for glorying God.
 Then cease from pride, and learn with fear
 Your Maker's purpose with you here,
 Whose inward witness, pointing high,
 Directs you straightly to the sky.

